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# De olde Towne Crier

1949



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Winston-Salem, NC 27101



Peggy Sue Riddle

**T**

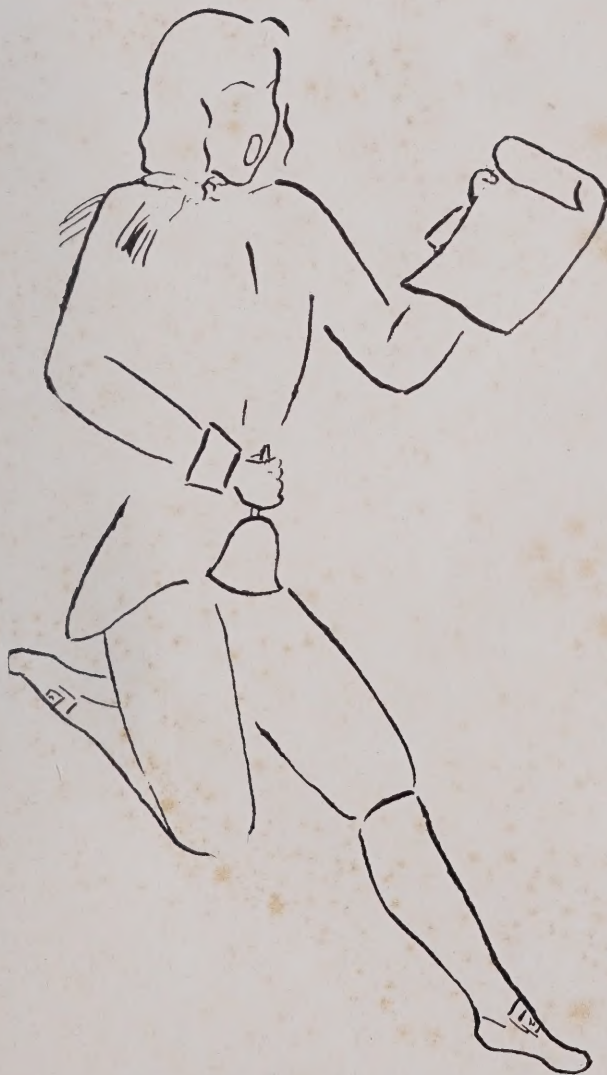
Peggy Taylor  
1353 Pinebluff Rd  
Winston Salem NC 27103-4729







**The Senior Class  
Presents  
The Year Book of 1949**



**YE**

**OLDE**

**TOWNE**

**CRIER**

**Old Town High School  
Winston-Salem, N. C.**





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## FOREWORD

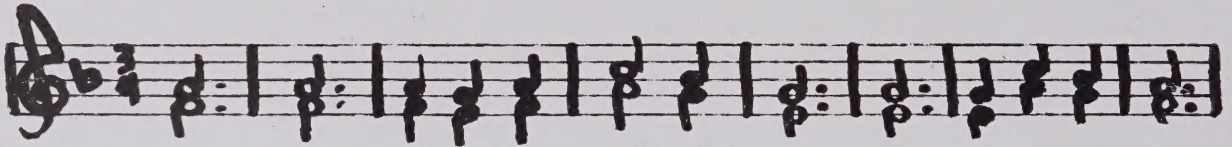
*With a fresh burst of genius, the class of '49 has labored long and tirelessly to present "Ye Olde Towne Crier."*

*In our brilliance, we have devised new features: the interviews and poems which were submitted as regular class assignments, and chosen by Mrs. Newman. We have struggled to make the activity layouts as new and sparkling as possible.*

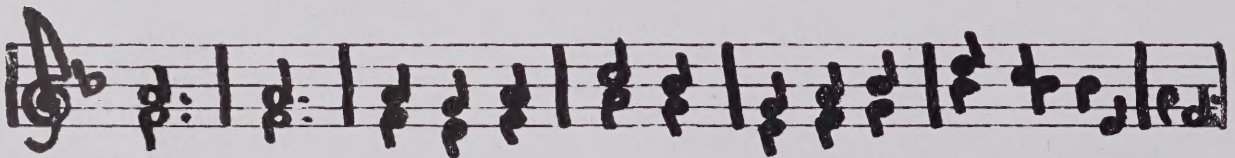
*We express our enthusiastic gratitude to cooperative students and faculty for bits of information that have furthered the cause of "Ye Olde Towne Crier."*



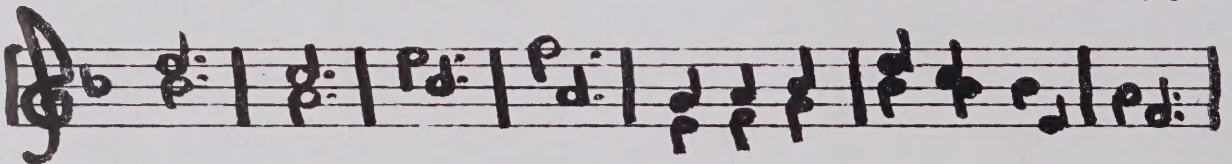
## ALMA MATER



1. Old Town, dear al - ma ma - ter, Hear us sing-ing to thee.
2. Strong are thy sons and daugh-ters, Proud thy will to o - bey,
3. Though we leave thee for- ev - er Home of our childhood days,



1. Old Town, faithful for - ev - er, Faithful to thy mem - o - ry,
2. All thy precepts we'll fol - low, Guid-ed by them on our way,
3. Still our hearts will en - fold thee, Still will our tongues sing thy praise.



1. Hear our pro - mise, Faith-ful thy child-ren will be.
2. All thy teach - ing, Glad -ly we'll fol - low each day.
3. Fare - well, Old Town, Part of each heart with thee stays.





*"This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy  
love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must  
leave ere long."*





Mr. E. K. McNew, Principal



*To be  
small knowing  
you. Love & fond  
Good night*



# FACULTY

Left to right: 1st row—Mr. Lewis Brown, History; Mrs. C. E. Badgett, Eighth Grade; Miss Sara Kennedy, Bible; Miss Frances Scott, Eighth Grade.

2nd row—Mr. Reid Williams, Science; Mrs. B. H. Helms, Home Economics; Mrs. Paul R. Newman, English, French; Mrs. Charles A. Mickey, Business; Mrs. Gene Pratt, English; Miss Edith Stovall, Mathematics; Mr. McNew, Principal.

*Happy New Year  
We're having a little  
celebration & are  
in the little hall  
from 12 o'clock to 1  
P.M. - Open house  
for all*





Campus Scene

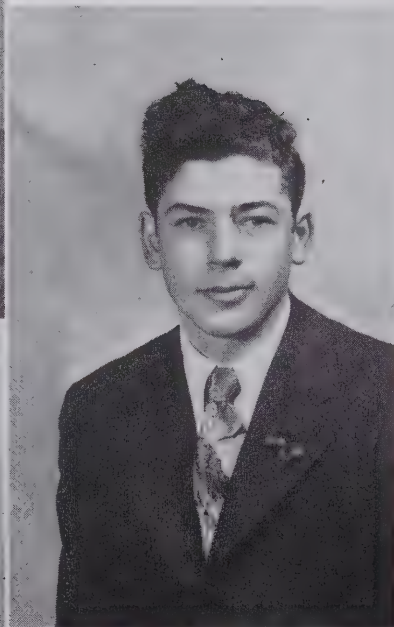
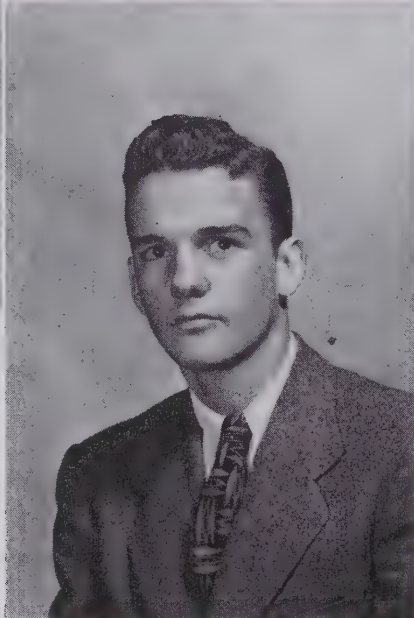
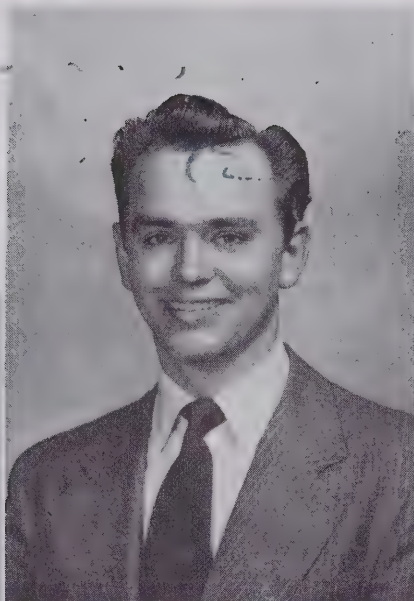
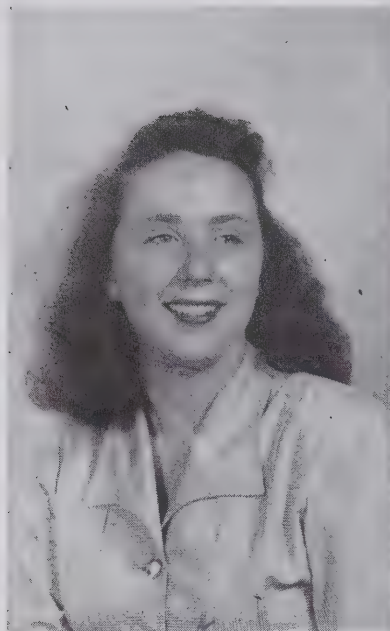


***Ye***

***Seniors***



Have to be  
enrolled again  
lots of work always  
from Swaim



## Senior Class Officers

Bob Swaim, President

Sally Barbee, Secretary

Dudley Spainhour, Treasurer

Gray Pfaff, Vice-President



*you're really  
so beautiful  
Nancy Sue*

**MARGARET ANN AUSBAND**

With a High Heart  
Basketball 4, Glee Club 4, Student Council 3, 4,  
Orchestra 3, Journalism Club 2, 4, Dramatic  
Club 3, FHA 2, Annual Staff 4, Library Staff  
4, Vesper Speaker 4.

**SALLY REBEKAH BARBEE**

Tale of Two Cities  
Basketball 2, Journalism Club 1, 2, FHA 2,  
Student Council 3, 4, Vice-President of Student  
Body 3, Class President 3, Class Secretary 4,  
Marshal 3, Library Staff 4.

*I made lots of  
books and papers  
Theresa*

**DONALD EUGENE BINKLEY**

Under Twenty  
Journalism Club 2, Football 3, 4.

**GRADY ODELL BOWEN**

The Beast in Me  
Science Club 1, Debating Club 2, Journalism  
Club 3.

**VIRGINIA LEE BOWEN**

Blue Flower  
English Club 1, FHA 2, Marshal 3.

**LOIS RAMONA BUMGARDNER**

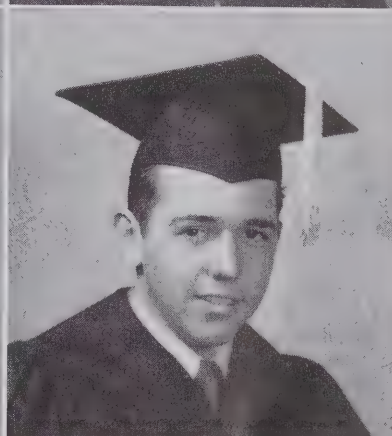
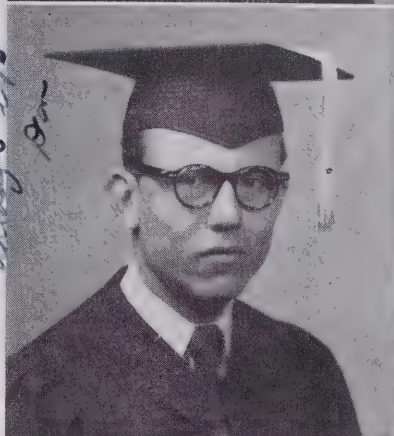
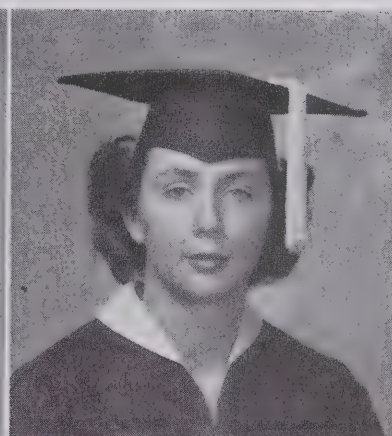
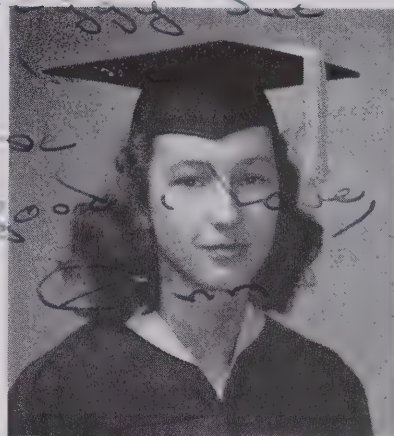
The Star Gazer  
FHA 2, 4-H 1, 2, 3, English Club 1.

**JUNE CONRAD CARTER**

Gone With the Wind  
Dramatic Club 1, Journalism Club 2, 3, 4,  
Glee Club 1, 2, Cheerleader 3, 4, Annual Staff  
4, County Recitation Contest Winner 3.

**BETTY JEAN CARTWRIGHT**

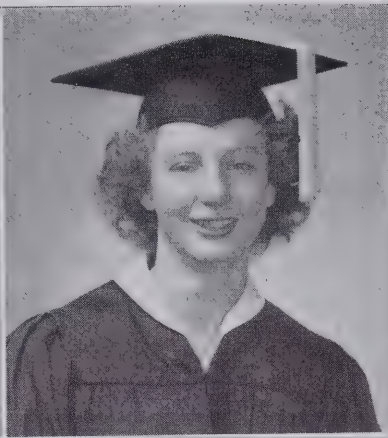
Smoky  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Journalism Club 1, FHA 2.



*Best wishes  
always,  
Lois*

*Book Club  
Always to  
remember  
our first  
B.C. Book*





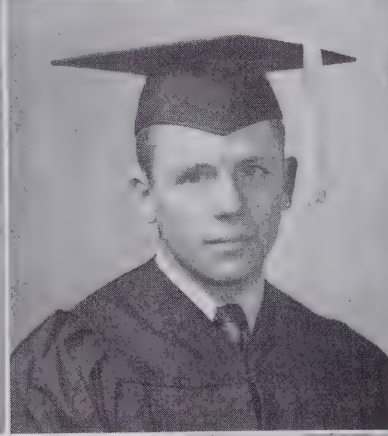
HELEN EATON COLTRANE

Origin of a Species  
Glee Club 3, 4, Journalism Club 1, 2, 3.

RUTH CRANFILL

In the Days of Poor Richard  
Basketball 2, 3, 4, FHA 2

*Sets of success in a  
very fine girl.  
Ruth*

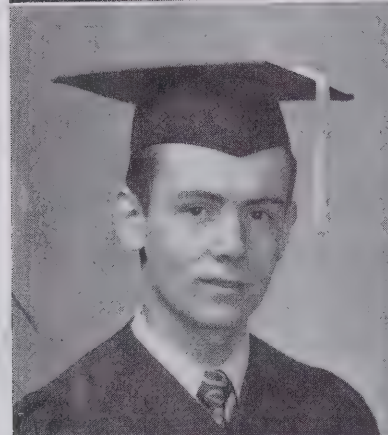


BETTY LOU FULP

Young'un  
Basketball 3, 4, FHA 2.

MELBOURNE DOUB

Six Feet Four  
Band 3, Baseball 3, Journalism Club 2, Glee Club  
3, Manager Basketball 2, 3, Manager Football 4.



JESSE ALBION GILES

(Entered O. T. from Coffee H. S., Florence, Ala.,  
in Sophomore year.)

Truce with Life  
Secretary Radio Club 2, Class Reporter 3, News-  
paper Staff 3, 4, Annual Staff 4, Bus Driver 4.

MARY LOU HILL

The Best of Times  
FHA 2, English Club 1.

*Depend  
M. L. H.*



NANCY SPEAS HORNE

Red Sky  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Dramatics 1, Journalism  
Club 2, FHA 2.

ELIZA REBEKAH HUNTER

Can Do!  
Athletic Club 2, Basketball 4

*Good luck  
and best  
wishes. Always  
remember  
Becky*



*I hope you succeed  
in your last years  
of school Clyde*

**ATHOL GREY JEFFERSON**

With Malice Toward None  
Football 3, Baseball 1, Radio Club 2.

**CLYDE HENRY KEARNEY**

Man For the Ages  
Class Vice-President 3, Baseball 1, Radio Club 2.

*never mind the  
fact that you  
will stay in  
you are a  
take care of  
digger for me  
love you  
Frank*

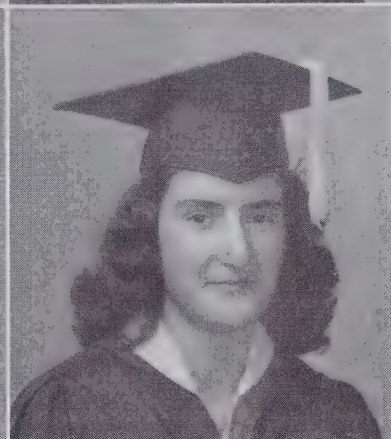


**BARBARA JEAN KEIGER**

A Girl Can Dream  
Home Economics Club 1, Glee Club 1, Journal-  
ism Club 2.

**PRISCILLA RUTH KURDIAN**

Old Fashioned Girl  
Class Secretary 3.

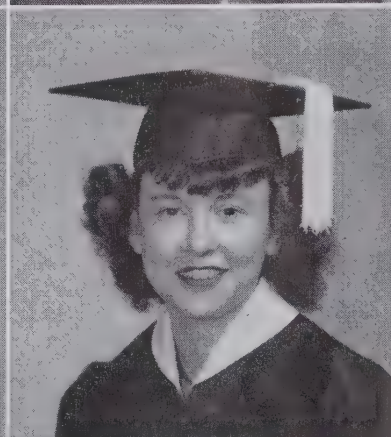
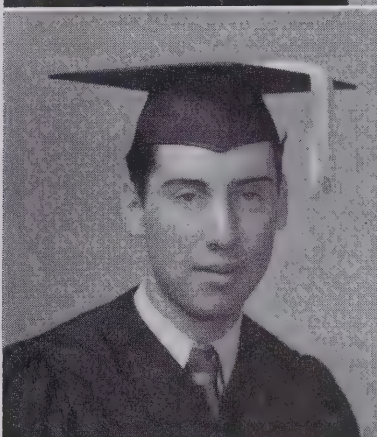


**WARREN STRUPE LACKEY**

The Story of a Bad Boy  
Bus Driver 3, 4.

**MARGARET AVALENE MABE**

Treasure Hunter  
FHA 2.



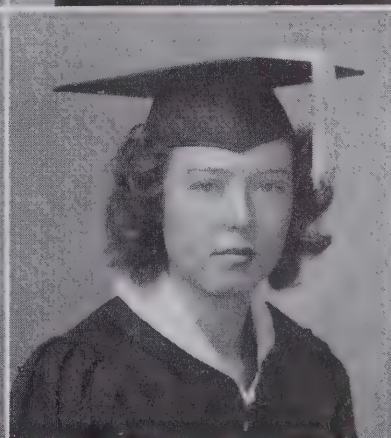
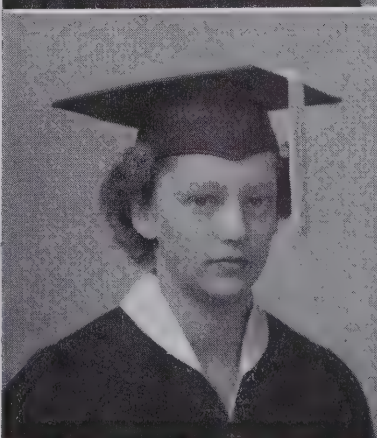
**ELIZABETH IRENE McELRATH**

Cricket on the Hearth  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Journalism Club 4, 4-H  
Club 2.

**DAPHNE ELAINE MICKEY**

Above Suspicion  
Glee Club 1, 2.

*into a  
a  
wonderful  
may you be  
happy as  
when you  
graduate  
like*



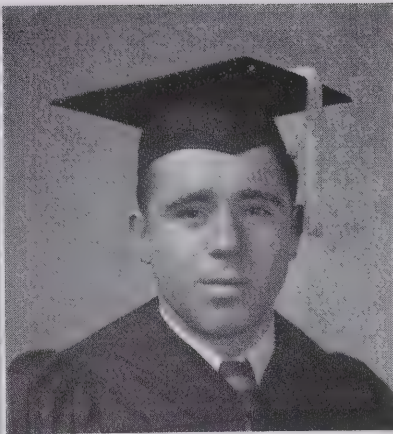


May you have success &  
happiness. Love,  
Gloria



**GLORIA FAYE NEEDHAM**

Sense and Sensibility  
Journalism Club 1, FHA 2.



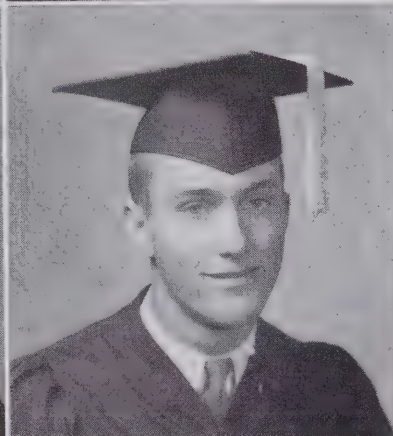
**RAYMOND COY NEEDHAM**

High-Stepper  
Bus Driver 3, 4, Football 3, Radio Club 2.



**RUBY LEE NICHOLSON**

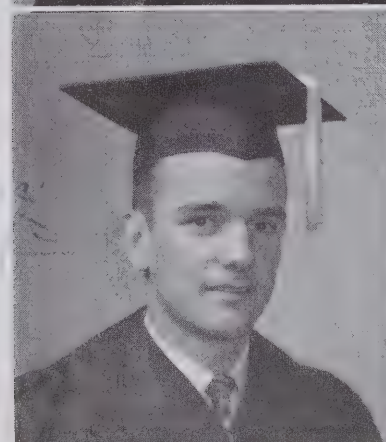
Marching On  
Bible Club 1, FHA 2, 4-H Club 1.



**VERNON GRAY NORMAN**

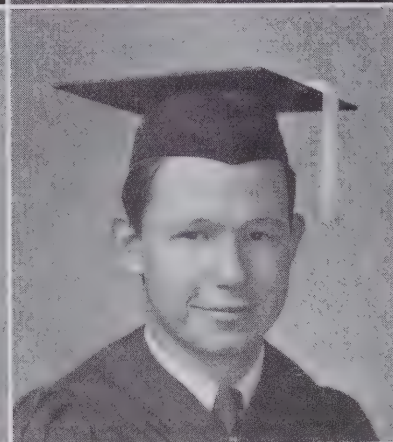
Daddy Long-Legs  
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Football  
3, 4, Journalism Club 2.

*Best wishes  
Vernon Norman*



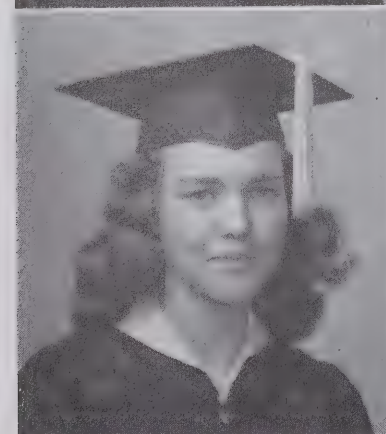
**ERNEST GRAY PFAFF**

Wine, Women, and Words  
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Football  
3, 4, Journalism Club 2, Class Vice-President 4,  
Bus Driver 3, 4, Athletic Club 1, Vesper Speak-  
er 4.



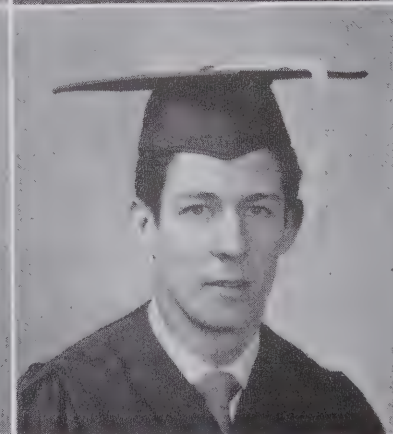
**WILLIAM DOUB POINDEXTER**

So Big  
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Football 3, 4, Radio Club 2,  
Activity Bus Driver 3, Athletic Club 1, Ves-  
per Speaker 4.



**ALBERTA GERTRUDE RATLEDGE**

The Left Handed  
Glee Club 1, 2.



**JOHN WELDON REECE**

The Corn is Green  
Bus Driver 4, Gym Keeper 3, 4, Manager Foot-  
ball 3, Manager Basketball 4, Radio Club 2.



# ALBERT JAMES ROSS

(Entered O. T. Junior Year from Manual Training H. S., Brooklyn, New York).

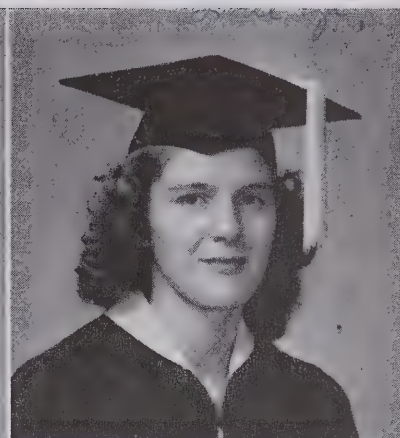
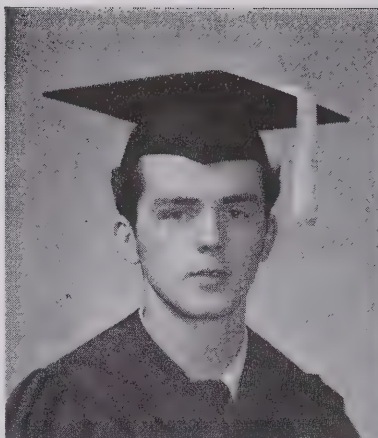
Yankee Thunder

President Debating Club 3, Journalism Club 3, 4, Baseball 3, 4, Football 4, Cheerleader 4, Annual Staff 4.

# MARGARET LOUISE SHIELDS

With Banners

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Glee Club 2, 3.



# EULA GRAY SHORE

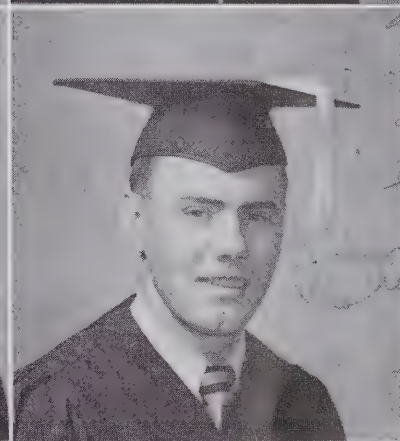
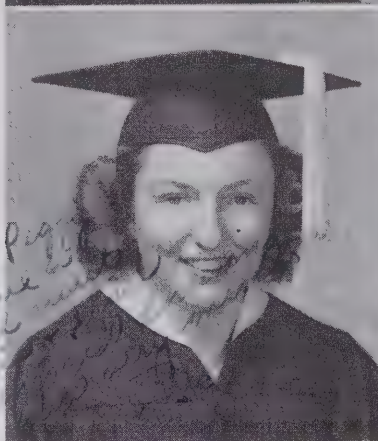
The Efficient Life

FHA 2, Librarian 3, Annual Staff 4.

# JOHN CHARLES SHORE

For the Honor of the School

Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 2, 3, 4, Football 3, 4, Journalism Club 2, 3, Annual Staff 4, Activity Bus Driver 4.



# MARGARET KATHERINE SHOUSE

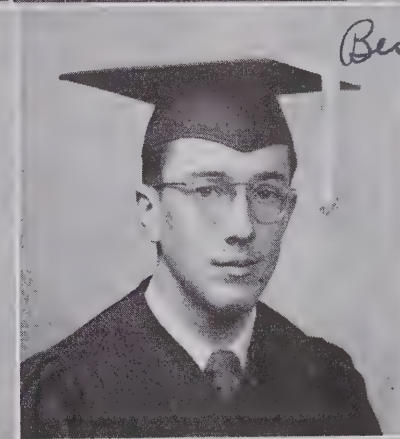
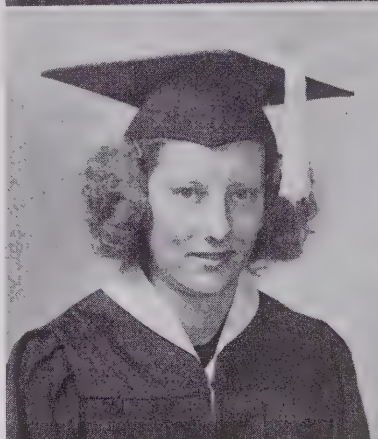
Our Hearts were Young and Gay

FHA 2, Bible Club 1, 4-H Club 1.

# JOHN DOUGLAS SHROPSHIRE

A Shropshire Lad

Journalism Club 3, 4, Baseball Manager 1, 2, 3, President of Radio Club 2.



# NELL CATHERINE SIGMON

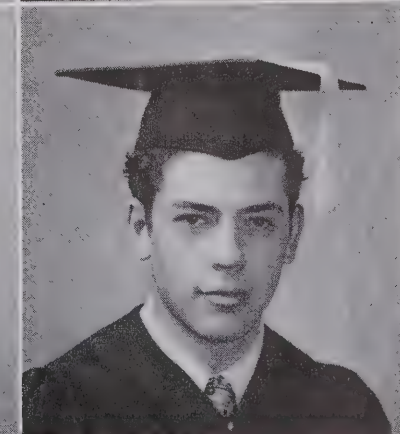
So Far So Good

Glee Club 1, FHA 2, Dramatic Club 1.

# JAMES DUDLEY SPAINHOUR

You And Your Money

Journalism Club 3, 4, Band 3, Marshal 3, Class Treasurer 4.



*Don't miss the piggy bank*

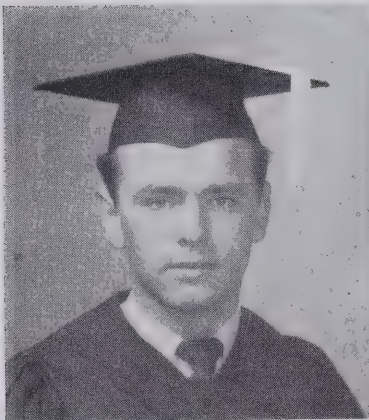
*Best of luck to a swell girl Doug*

*Peggy Sue, you're really tipsy. Here's*

*lots of luck and happiness to a real smart gal.*

*Nell*





# JOHN ROBERT SWAIM

Sturdy Rogue  
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Football 3, 4, Cheerleader  
1, 2, Athletic Club 1, Bus Driver 3, 4, Journal-  
ism Club 2, President of Student Body 4,  
President Senior Class 4, Vesper Speaker 4.



# MARY ALICE TAYLOR

She Stoops to Conquer  
Dramatic Club 1, Journalism Staff 2, 3, Journal-  
ism Club 2, 3, 4, Glee Club 2, Annual Staff 4.



# SHIRLEY HOUCK YARBROUGH

(Entered O. T. in Junior Year from Mooresville  
H. S., Mooresville, N. C.)  
The Miracle of the Bells  
Basketball 3, 4, Softball 4, Glee Club 3.



# EVA SUE YARBROUGH

The Birth of Mischief  
Glee Club 1, 2, Dramatics Club 1, Journalism  
Club 2, FHA 2.



*Enjoyed her  
teaching and  
and her  
you - Bob*

# WILLIS JEAN YORK

Fair as the Moon  
Librarian 3, 4, FHA 2, Class Treasurer 3.



## CLOUD PICTURE

He's a diver made of clouds of white,  
Tinted faintly with the rainbow's hue;  
Poised to plunge from his astounding height  
Downward into foam-capped waves of blue.  
Athlete-like, his brawny arms are flung  
Over white silk hair that's vague, windblown.  
Shoulders change now; forward leans the young,  
Misty image. There his body's thrown  
Upward by a wind that's negligent,  
Careless of the tableaux clouds portray.  
Softly now, the filmy figure's bent,  
Springing in a realistic way.  
Clouds diminish on this great blue plain;  
Only windswept desert will remain.

ANN AUSBAND.

Best wishes  
in the years  
to come  
Philip Sapp





## HISTORY

The other day as I sat dreaming in class, I began to think of the days the class of '49 had spent at Old Town. It was only twelve short years ago in September, 1937, that we timidly passed through the doors for the first time. Those classmates I recall from the first year are Ann Ausband, Gray Pfaff, Clyde Kearney, Nell Sigmon, Bobby Swaim, Strupe Lackey, Eula Gray Shore, Helen Coltrane, Priscilla Kurdian, Dudley Spainhour, Betty Jean Cartwright, Mary Lou Hill, Rebekah Hunter, Douglas Shropshire, Johnny Shore, Vernon Norman, and Grady Bowen. With the help of our teachers, Miss Hodgkin and Mrs. Flynt, we soon settled down to learning our A, B, C's. The main event of our first year was the play we gave for commencement.

Soon we were in the second grade and were learning to add and subtract under the instruction of Miss Kapp and Mrs. Flynt. Sally Barbee joined our class this year.

Each year in the elementary school we looked forward to certain special events. Among the most important of these events were the two chapel programs we gave each year and for which we spent many happy hours in rehearsal. Some of us looked forward to the operetta. Long hours were spent each year in getting ready for it. Another event that added color to our childhood was what we called "getting on the team." To the initiated, that meant wonderful things—it meant that you had ranked highest in your class in scholarship, health, and citizenship. If you made the team, you were sent on a school day to compete with other winners from every Forsyth school. The final winner was publicly acclaimed, and even from the vantage point of my senior dignity I still think highly of that honor.

At last we were in the fourth grade and anxious to begin studying geography and long multiplication with Mrs. Wilson and Miss Small as our teachers. Daphne Mickey and Raymond Needham joined our class this year.

Each year some classmates dropped out to the class behind us, left school, or moved to another community. New classmates also come each year to take their places.

Our fifth and sixth years passed quickly. Our fifth grade teachers were Mrs. Thomas and Miss Scott. New students in our class this year were Cricket McElrath, Jean York, and Katherine Shouse. Our teachers in the sixth grade were Mrs. Murray and Mr. Cox. John Reece joined our class this year. For many of us this was our last year on the elementary side of the building and we began to realize that our school years were passing swiftly.

The seventh grade saw part of us on the high school side with Mrs. Scott as our homeroom teacher. The rest of us remained on the elementary side under Mr. Cox. For those of us on the high school side it was a new experience, but we soon settled down to studying without watching the classes changing in the hall.

We were all together again in the eighth grade. Our homeroom teachers were Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Higgins, and with their help and persuasion we learned to change classes without being late. Betty Lov Fulp entered our class this year.

And then at last we were really in high school. In the ninth grade we acquired new members from Vienna. These were Nancy Horne, Donald Binkley, Mary Alice Taylor, Margaret Shields, Sue Yarbrough, Gloria Needham, Virginia Bowen, and June Carter. We soon caught the spirit of high school life and tried to have as much fun as possible. Our homeroom teachers, Miss Howerly and Miss Chambers, started us on the way toward our goal—a bona fide diploma.

Time passed quickly and soon we were in the tenth grade. Our homeroom teachers were Mrs. Pratt and Mr. Wood. Jay Giles joined our class this year from Alabama. Except for that, I don't recall any other event of especial interest in our sophomore year.

Again time marched on and we were juniors, choosing the course which would best suit our lives after we left school. Those of us who were planning to go to college took the college preparatory course, while the others took the business course. Toward the end of the year we ordered our class rings. We looked forward with great eagerness to the day when they would come and when they finally arrived we wore them with pride. During this year Al Ross joined us from Brooklyn, N. Y., and Alberta Ratledge came from Baltimore, Maryland. The main event of this year, of course, was the Junior-Senior banquet. We spent many long hours preparing for it. It was a semi-formal banquet held at the Patio on May 8, 1948. With the help of our homeroom teachers, Miss Moomaw and Miss Ivey, we made a success of it and everybody had fun.

And now, as I write, we are seniors—almost, we are graduates! Our high school years are nearly over and in a very short time we will leave them forever. It has been a good year and a busy one. We have worked hard to learn the things we should know from books, and we have learned other things as well. None of us will ever forget the suppers we sponsored to raise money for our year book. The aroma of those chicken pies will, I am sure, haunt me with a nostalgic flavor every time I get hungry—which will be often if I may judge the future by the past! We will always remember gratefully that Mr. Keiger, our Barbara's father, donated all the paper and the printing to make "Ye Olde Towne Crier" the beautiful yearbook it is. There are so many other things to remember—the senior play and the loveliest junior-senior banquet ever.

We see our senior year take its inevitable place in our history, with regret that it is over and gratitude that it has been so good.

WILLIAM POINDEXTER, *Historian.*



### THESE THINGS I LOVE

No gems nor gold that man has wrought,  
For those with wealth to buy,  
Can hold me breathless like a tree,  
Etched stark against the sky.  
The morning glories, azure blue,  
Outside the kitchen door;  
The sunbeams in an impish troop  
That dance across the floor;  
The gnarled ol dapple tree in spring,  
A mist of pink and white;  
The tender call of a mocking bird,  
A crocus born last night;  
The lightning in a jagged streak,  
Across a sullen sky;  
Each flower left with diamond drops  
By rain clouds passing by—  
While lovely things like these are mine,  
I'll fear no change or sorrow;  
I'll be serene, and quiet, and glad,  
Today, and each tomorrow.

JUNE CARTER.



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the 1949 graduating class of Old Town High School, being of abnormal minds and super-excellent memories, realizing that our departure from these portals is inevitable, and making void any previous will or wills, do hereby ordain and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, wherein we make disposition of all our cherished (but outlandish) possessions.

### ARTICLE ONE

#### Section 1:

To Mr. E. K. McNew, our principal, to Mrs. Newman, and to the other members of the faculty, we leave our heart-felt gratitude for their unfaltering trust in us, despite our willful ways, their understanding of our ups and downs, their forgiveness of our enormous alibis, and their patient guidance through the years.

#### Section 2:

We leave, with reluctance, our bright halos and our silvery white wings to all underclassmen. Use them sparingly as we have, and you'll have many adventurous memories to look back on!

#### Section 3:

Since the juniors will certainly need something to unlock the mystery of how they will ever pass their senior year, we pass on to them the key of knowledge. It will be helpful next year (take it from us).

### ARTICLE TWO

#### Section 1:

To Bobby Young, Grady Bowen leaves his ability to disrupt commercial classes by charming all the little girls around him.

#### Section 2:

Ruth Cranfill, who has decided to settle down and become a lady, wills her boisterous ways to Peggy Bain.

#### Section 3:

Johnny Shore and Betty Lou Fulp will their ability to survive a scrap to Faye Wolff and Ray Church.

#### Section 4:

To Smith Beroth, Vernon Norman leaves his graceful and distinguished promenading.

#### Section 5:

Betty Cartwright wills her exclusive method of popping chewing gum to Mickey Adams.

#### Section 6:

Bobby Swaim leaves his title as "Lady Slayer" to Gene Doub, to be placed in mothballs for four years. (When Gene becomes of age).

#### Section 7:

June Carter wishes to leave her line to the fish. She hopes in that way to get a good bite—finally!

#### Section 8:

Melbourne Doub leaves his enormous strength and huge muscles to Chubby Hauser—now maybe Chubby can deflate his shoulder pads.

#### Section 9:

John Reece wills his head, undistinguished except for its color, to a bottle of peroxide.

#### Section 10:

Jay Giles wills his knowledge of physics to Mr. Williams, and his position as Faculty Adviser to Mrs. Newman.

#### Section 11:

Jean York wills her rare and exquisite beauty to Barbara Blakely. Now, Barbara, you will find Bobby as devoted to you as Donald has been to Jean.

#### Section 12:

Priscilla Kurdian and Daphne Mickey leave their beautiful friendship to Joan Wood and Peggy Carpenter.



Section 13:

Helen Coltrane wills fifty or so pounds to Jean Seagraves with a reminder to count the inches and the calories.

Sue Yarbrough wills her ability to skip school without getting caught to Maxine Wishon, whose past efforts have been unsuccessful.

Section 15:

To Dot Farrington, Nancy Horne leaves her love for all Lewisville boys.

Section 16:

Gray Pfaff leaves his captivating looks to Jerry Livengood.

Section 17:

To Hazel Atwood, Al Ross leaves his ability to get along with Mrs. Mickey. Helen's past efforts have proved in vain.

Section 18:

Barbara Keiger gleefully leaves her neatness of dress to Dicie Jones.

Section 19:

Eula Gray Shore leaves her title of teacher's pet to Nancy Petree.

Section 20:

To Earl Keiger, Donald Binkley leaves his deceptively studious appearance.

Section 21:

Strupe Lackey wills his "love" for classical music to Toscaninni.

Section 22:

For the advancement of music, Margaret Shields leaves her Lily Pons' voice to Georgie Swink.

Section 23:

Doug Shropshire wills his soft, tinkling laugh to Mr. Brown, who seems to enjoy it so much.

Section 24:

Ann Ausband wills her job of getting the menu every day between eleven and eleven-fifteen to Eleanor Butner, who also is very fond of a mid-morning snack.

Section 25:

Shirley Yarbrough wills her title "Mrs." to Alma Cameron. Good luck, Alma.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the Senior Class of 1949, the testators, have set our hands (clean or dirty as they may be) and seal hereto this thirty-first day of May in the fateful year of our graduation, one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine.

WITNESSES:

Mr. Ben Betteroff  
Mrs. Jean Yuss.

SALLY BARBEE, *Testator.*

## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY-

Ho Hum—nearly 11:30 p. m. and I still hadn't started studying for our final test on Macbeth. As I sat down and prepared to cram a little knowledge into my numb brain, I thought wearily, "Why does Mrs. Newman have to be such a slave driver. Anybody ought to know you can't memorize half the lines in Macbeth in one night. Oh well, might as well get started."

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. ENTER THREE WITCHES—I stifled another yawn but I couldn't keep my eyelids from drooping. I was so sleepy—the room seemed to be filled with smoke or something. Then slowly three shapes clarified themselves from the haze. "Why it's the three witches from Macbeth," I thought. They seemed oblivious of my presence and continued stirring the contents of a huge iron pot, suspended as if by magic over burning embers. I rubbed my eyes and looked again but they were still there with strange vapors rising from the pot. Miraculously the vapors began to take definite shape and the whole scene formed before my very eyes. Was this New York I was seeing? Possibly the New York of ten years hence, a city of glass and plastic buildings. One of these marvelous structures rose above all the rest, towering even over the old out-dated Empire State Building. As the scene became clearer, I saw it was the great radio, television network, N. B. C. And who should be sitting in the office that bore the word President on the door but Doug Shropshire! I suppose the experience of repairing the senior class radio helped a lot. The scene moved down from the top floor to one of those soundproof rooms where broadcasts are held. Here some of the most famous names in radio were giving a big variety show. There was Ruth Cranfill and John Reece, biggest comedy team in the U. S. No wonder all the girls were screaming and fainting—the greatest swoon-crooner since Frankie just walked in, Raymond Needham! The Andrew Sisters were there too, still going strong but something new had been added—Priscilla Gurdian as the fourth member.

Suddenly the scene changed and there before me was the most magnificent building I had yet seen. It was the new Carnegie Hall. From the looks of things, it was the opening night of Carmen. Margaret Shields was making her debut in the leading role. Two of the gypsy dancers were Daphne Mickey and Lois Bumgardner. I took a look at the crowd going in and there with all her fabulous jewels and chincilla was Mrs. Tootie Van Thomas, wife of the wealthy Emerton Van Thomas. My old friend, Tootie Taylor, grown rich, haughty, *and* fat. Right behind her I noticed a meek little man escorting a beautiful young lady. Yes, Strupe was still taking Mary Jane to concerts and the like.

Again the scene shifted, this time to the one part of New York that hadn't changed, Greenwich Village. There in that artistic surrounding I saw two people arguing. Nell Sigmon and Al Ross of all people. Nell was known all over New York for her modern art. Sort of a second Dali, you know. And Al was one of the principal cartoonists for the New York Times. His very amusing strip called "My Life in '49" told all his experiences as a high school senior. Farther down the street, I saw that famous Powers model, Jean York walking toward her apartment. She was more beautiful than she had been in high school. She walked on into the apartment where she roomed with four other girls. At least there were four when Mary Lou Hill was there. She had recently left to become one of those traveling sales-women selling "Styles for Stout Sophisticates." Katherine, Ruby Lee and Avalene made up the rest of the crowd. Avalene had her own beauty shop right in the heart of Fifth Avenue and Katherine and Ruby Lee, still good friends, were working as F. B. I. agents. I was wondering if none in my class had become theatrically inclined when Gray Pfaff came strolling down the street. You could tell by his appearance that he was one of those characters who give their all to the stage. Watching him pass, I wondered if he became famous for his looks or his acting.

Once more the mists swirled and what should I see before my eyes but that dear Old Town School. Yes, I knew it right away, for like Greenwich Village, it hadn't changed at all. At least the building hadn't. There were quite a few changes in the faculty though. In the home ec room, I saw Becky Hunter. Even with all the obsolete equipment she had to use, she was doing a fine job teaching the kids how to sew and cook. A quick look in Mr. Brown's room showed me that that brilliant sociology student, William Poindexter had found his life's work. From the way it looked, he was giving a true-false test. The scene moved toward the gym, but, first, I had to see our old homeroom. It surely was good to see one member of the faculty still there. Mrs. Newman was writing a Macbeth test on the board. I tried to get a closer look but the door was closed in my face. Down in the gym, two coaches were giving the boys and girls a pep talk. It was Vernon Norman and Johnny Shore coaching for their alma mater. They surely made fine looking coaches, and I knew their teams couldn't fail to win. I thought the scene was going to fade, but no, I was going to get a glimpse of that exalted monarch, the principal. One look into the office made me cry, "Oh! no, not that!" For who should be sitting there with his feet on the desk but Melbourne Doub. He was giving orders to Shorty Fulp. I supposed that she had taken Miss Hale's place, and I wondered how she was doing with the Glee Club.

The scenes were changing swiftly now. They seemed to be giving me a brief tour of Winston-Salem, metropolis of the South. In the lobby of the Zinzendorf Hotel, I saw Sally Barbee selling magazines and candy. Well, that's just like Sally, she always did like excitement. On down the street, I



saw that little corporation, Deuce Credit Clothing Co. Ten years certainly had changed it. Now there was a model for exclusive men's clothes and the model was none other than Donald Binkley. Then I saw a dentist's office high in the Reynolds Building. There was Bobby Swaim pulling teeth for all he was worth, and close by to help him with his every need was his devoted little nurse, Betty Jean Cartwright. The poor lady in the chair seemed to be in a hurry to get back to her two children in the reception room. I took a closer look at her and recognized the former Virginia Lee Bowen. She looked happy in spite of Bobby's ministrations. Out in the reception room was another lady holding a baby. Instead of a rattler, the baby was holding a tiny ten pound weight. The lady looked snooty about it all. Why, I knew her when she was just plain Sue Yarborough, not yet the wife of "The World's Champion Weight Lifter."

There was a real estate office right next to Bobby's office. The door was wide open so I could see a pair of feet resting comfortably on the top of a desk. Attached to the feet was Beanie Bowen, dictating a letter to his pretty secretary, Alberta Ratledge. I was glad to know that Beanie finally became what he always wanted to be—a big boss with a pretty secretary.

The next thing that caught my eye was a little record shop. Instead of booths, there was one big room in which to play all the records you wanted, with plenty of space for dancing; and, wonderful to behold, there were free eats for all. Of all things, there I was running the joint. I always wondered what my life's work would be. About that time, a woman walked into the store, or I should say was dragged in by eight kids. They were actually going to buy a record. It was Shirley Yarbrough and her four sets of twins looking for "Mammy, When Is Pappy Coming Home?"

Next came a short stop at Hanes Gym. Here Cricket McElrath was receiving the Teague award for being the most outstanding girl in the sports world. This was the third year that her basketball ability had won her this award. Farther out in the suburbs of Winston-Salem, I saw the delapidated ruins of Garner Food Company. Yes, Athol had finally run the Garner Company out of business. On the subject of food, I saw Gloria Needham, who was head of a big chain of grocery stores. Just think, it all started with her experience in her father's store.

Out on Reynolda Road I found Helen Coltrane, now D. R. E. of Reynolda church.

The next scene was so splendid I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was a huge plantation with Clyde Kearney sitting on the porch of a beautiful old southern home. I guess he decided that since he was going to be a farmer, he might as well do it in true southern style.

The next place was dear old Bethania. There, in a little shop at one end of *the* street, Dudley Spainhour had set up a business where he personally baked buns and sugar cake for the Moravian Churches. Dudley always was a good cook. A charming young lady came into the store to see if she could get some sugar cake for supper. It was Eula Gray—happily married and still living in Bethania.

The scenes were fading now. I got a glimpse of a lonely lighthouse off the coast of North Carolina where Ann Ausband, the lighthouse keeper, was busy writing another novel. Then I saw the Coral Gables Night Club in Florida where Barbara Keiger was an entertainer. Next came a beautiful modern school right in the middle of a little jungle town in South America where Nancy Horne was trying to drill a little English into the children's heads.

Faint and dim grew the pictures. I supposed this was the last I was to see. But wait, there was one more. Surely one of my classmates had not come to this. A poor old bum was stumbling along the railroad track with his few belongings tied in a red handkerchief. It was Jay Giles, and every line in his face seemed to say he was truly sorry for what he had done. Poor thing, he had such a brilliant future in college until he got kicked out for trying to advise the faculty.

I sat dazed for a minute, not realizing that everything was suddenly dark. Mother came into the room with a candle. "Aren't you in bed yet? This storm has caused all the lights to go out." In reply to my question of "what storm?" she merely looked at me as though she thought I might be batty. Well, one never knows.

JUNE CARTER, *Prophet*.

### THE ROBIN

I heard a robin sing today  
With notes so sweet and clear  
That like a heav'n sent blessing fell  
Upon my list'ning ear.

I wonder how it is that he  
Can sing so glad and gay,  
And where he learned the songs he sings  
Throughout each summer day.

I left my tiresome chores to hear  
His lilting lay so sweet,  
And, oh, it smoothed the path beneath  
My tired and stumbling feet.

Too soon my robin flew away,  
Some other soul to cheer,  
But tho he went, he left his song,  
That in my heart I hear.

EULA GRAY SHORE.



## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

The patterns are ring, and tulip and path;  
That her husband built,  
She doesn't do a thing but sew  
On a patchwork quilt.  
All the quilts she has made so far  
Are lovely to remember;  
In the little red-roofed house  
She's made three since November.  
Through all the winter she sits and sews,  
And neatly turns the seams,  
And sprinkles on her patchwork gay,  
A thimbleful of dreams.

RUBY LEE NICHOLSON.



## JOHN REECE

Among all the students at Old Town, John Reece is one of the most popular.

He is a senior and a very busy one too. In fact, he has been busy ever since he entered high school, first attending to his job as substitute bus driver, and later his job as official driver.

Although John does not play ball, he is manager of the football, baseball, and basketball teams. In addition to his job as manager, he is always seen at the gym door during the basketball season, ready to receive you, that is, if you have your quarter—and don't think you can get in without it, because you can't. "Honest John" we call him, and this time we mean it.

This year the student council decided to choose a "girl and boy of the month," and who do you guess was the first boy chosen? Yes, that's right, John! In addition to being voted the wittiest and most original boy in the senior class, John is considered a good citizen and friend to all.

When I asked John about his favorite subject and teacher, he stopped a while, but finally said he liked physics best, and his favorite teacher is Mr. Williams. He and Mr. Williams seem to get along very well so I guess that accounts for his liking him best.

John's ambition is to become a dentist. He hates the thought of having to leave school for he says, "I'm afraid I'll have to wrk!" We realize that he's only joking when he says this, and after he once gets into his college work he won't give up short of graduation.

Of all the types of music that John hears, he still maintains that Eddy Arnold's hillbilly is his favorite.

Whenever you hear someone singing hillbilly songs you know it's the one and only John Reece.

About women's styles—he thinks the skirts are too long, and the hats just can't get any worse!

As for women, John has a special girl, but still he likes the others too. He isn't ready to be serious about any of them because he has his profession to work towards first.

Old Town will not soon see his like again! Good luck, John, always!

NANCY HORNE.

## MARY ALICE TAYLOR

Mary Alice and I got set for a long ride. A dreary rain had fallen all day downtown, and, impatient for our bus, we had jumped blindly onto the first one that had come into sight. How were we to know that it went to Clemmons and back? NOW we knew! But we laughed, made ourselves comfortable, and began exchanging ideas on different topics.

"Tootie," I said, thinking about the many little things that irritate me so much, "what do you dislike most in life?"

"I dislike Helenatwood when she is mad," (This was one word; I know Helen and Tootie are buddies), "green peas, conceited boys, (no certain ones in mind, of course), and lavender!"

We talked about everyday, commonplace matters a while. Tootie likes popular music best—"Careless Hands" is her favorite. Hillbilly and classical music, I discovered, are absolutely out of her range. "I love sports," she said, "especially swimming and fishing. There's nothing as relaxing or more fun than either of these for me." I spoke of some thrilling and amusing incidents that have happened during this last year. Mary Alice's dreamy gaze wandered out of the window through the rain. "I'll never forget the night I was taking Vernon to Griffith School for the game. In a huge hurry, we got on the wrong road and landed in a side ditch 'cause I was so excited. We barely got there in time for the boys' game." Both of us were quite a few minutes, reminiscing. "Another unforgettable moment — one I'd like to forget: Doug Shropshire got overenthusiastic about something and ran up and hugged me. When I sort of collected myself I looked around and there stood Billy Joe, glaring holes through me!" Tootie had just come from the show, so I led the conversation to movies—she's wild about bad boy, Alan Ladd, and Jane Powell is her first choice in actresses. Pictures like "The Snake Pit," "The Rope," and "Spellbound," appeal to her most.

The subject of school came up next, as it will inevitably. I told Tootie about the fun I have had in history class, and she exclaimed, "I like typing class! It's not too hard, and we have some really good times in there."

College is Tootie's plan for next fall; she isn't sure yet what she wants to study, but I think she'll be a career girl. She's homeloving, and will make an excellent housewife.

I mused: Tootie Taylor is, beneath her gaiety and carefree manner, a truly ambitious and hard-working girl. She is co-editor of our year book, and last year and the year before she held important positions on the newspaper staff. She said modestly that her greatest accomplishment up to now is finishing the eleventh grade.

Like all of us, Tootie dons a sad, sentimental air when she thinks of graduation. She suddenly looked wistful as we rode along, and I knew, from subjects we had discussed previously, that the little things that happen in school—waiting in the lunch line, hurried committee meetings, "33-true-false tests," and other pleasant (and otherwise) memories would linger, and she would long for them forever.

We were back downtown now, ready to get the right bus, and the sun was shining; but I was sincerely glad we had mistaken that old Clemmons bus in the rain. Tootie's quite a girl!



## BOBBY SWAIM

Dear CRIER:

You, who wish to obtain and impart useful knowledge that will be of value to all, have requested information about the president of our class of nineteen forty-nine.

Bobby Swaim is an outstanding worker in our class. He has the wonderful combination of an alert mind coupled with the ability to get along with people exceedingly well, which, you will agree, is a superior pair of qualities. Bobby "cares" about his appearance too; he is neat, and always dressed appropriately for the occasion. All you need to know about his personality can be deduced from one look at his happy, spontaneous smile.

"Baseball and football are my favorites in the sports line," says Bobby. He was on both varsity teams. Bobby told me he has no time for hobbies, but I've noticed he always seems to enjoy the company of the girls around him; this sounds like a hobby to me! All his friends must be "just good uns," he says in a genuine Southern spirit; this miraculous boy likes everything and seems pleased with everything and everybody—he evidently has no ardent dislikes.

As I sit in physics class and glance around, I often notice how much Bobby seems to enjoy this course. I'm sure that's because he realizes the scientific knowledge he is getting will help him in his future study of dentistry.

I asked Bobby if he had any regrets in leaving high school, and he immediately replied, "Yes—I haven't done half as well as I should have." Well! If any of us could do better than Bobby Swaim—He later added that he was going to miss seeing all of his classmates more than anything else after graduation.

Lighter and more trivial matters were next on my question list, and the first was taste in music. I was sure he would name "Twelfth Street Rag," as his choice, thinking of the many nickels squandered for shagging to that little number at Staley's after the game, but he came up with that activity bus standby, "Kingsized Papa!" Here's a surprise: Bobby's about the first boy I've heard say it yet, but in answer to my question, he exclaimed, "I like long skirts—they really add to the appearance of most girls."

"What is your favorite dish?" I asked.

He replied in a voice that told me this hadn't been a spur-of-the-moment decision: "T-bone steak and French fries!"

My interview ended in a howl from both of us after my question concerning any embarrassing moments he might have had. He proceeded: "I had a date and was in a hurry. I wanted a special handkerchief, and mother directed me to a little drawer where she also keeps aprons and other nick-nacks. I rushed through without turning on a light, grabbed a handkerchief, yelled 'Goodbye,' and was gone. Everything was going fine—we were having a huge time at the party when my date asked me for my handkerchief to remove a few drops of spilled coke. I chivalrously brought out my handkerchief, which turned out to be a little cloth sugar sack! Was my face red!"

This, I think, is along the line of the hoped-for information that the people are awaiting. Towne Crier. May it add interest to your scroll.

ANN AUSBAND.

## JAY GILES

My dreams are beginning to be realized at last even if it is only by way of an assignment in English—I am a reporter chasing that ever-busy Jay Giles to get an interview.

Jay is a busy person, always working, if not on the annual or his school work, then at his hobby of raising prize chickens. He has sent some of his chickens to the South-Eastern World's Fair and they came back carrying prizes for their owner.

Jay has a very brilliant mind and a scholastic record which won for him the position of chief marshal in his junior year. As a senior this year, he was manager of the yearbook to which he has devoted much of his time.

After he leaves high school, Jay wants to develop his mind even more, so he is planning to go to the University of North Carolina.

Along with work, somehow, Jay seems to find time for girls. He likes girls who have nice hair, eyes, and figure. Also, he doesn't want them to wear glasses or to blow smoke around on a date. His only disparaging comment about girls is "women drivers!" And on the subject of girls, his favorite movie star is June Allyson, so you petite blondes take hope! Oh, yes, girls, Jay's ambition is to get married, but he says he is not making much progress in that direction now.

When I asked Jay how he felt about leaving school he said that most of all, he was going to miss the good times he had making excuses to get out of French and English classes. He also said he would miss his favorite class—study hall—very much.

Jay is a person of high ambition, and he works hard to obtain the things he wants. He likes work and will stick to what he starts until the finish. He also likes to travel and hopes he will be able to do a great deal of traveling after his college days and after he gets the pilot's license he aspires to this year.

A real guy, a hard worker, a good friend is Jay Giles. Happy landings, pal!

EULA GRAY SHORE.

## ANN AUSBAND

Gulping my lunch down hurriedly, I rushed out to snag Ann Ausband before she became one of the cogs of a softball game out on the athletic field, or before she drew some committee around her in exuberant conference. You see, it was Ann who was to receive my interrogations today.

Answering my questions in her quiet, reserved manner, with an occasional smile, Ann told me of her plans to go to college next fall to study art. It's a career of commercial art or designing that she's set her cap for. We all know how much we have depended on Ann for the original ideas and for such art work as has been necessary for our class projects during these four years at O. T. H. S.

Drawing and painting aren't Ann's only activities. She's president of the Glee Club, and member of the student council. During the winter quarter, we saw her, too, during the basketball games, never giving up hope of victory, but showing excellent school spirit in defeat.

Although she's a wonderful example of a dainty lady, Ann's our nature girl. She loves nothing better than to wander through the woods in a lackadaisical manner. These adventures are climaxed by her finding perchance a petite, brightly colored flower peeping through the dark, crusty earth, or a fascinating insect, or a feather from the wing of some unfamiliar, migratory bird. Spring is her season and garbed in a faded pair of blue jeans, she spends her free time in the fields around Bethania.

Then while our interview progressed, Ann's eyes became wistful, and she vowed that she'd never forget Old Town High. Mr. Brown's class will always be a cherished memory because she could get along with him so well. And then, her future life will, regardless of how full and well-rounded it may be, never take the place of all those late parties at supposed Staley's when she and the other staff members were working on the "CRIER".

Our co-editor of the "CRIER," then walked away, with a sigh of regret that high school days were so nearly over. She's very keen in spirit, and has an unusual sensitiveness in her nature. Our Ann's full of cheerfulness, and her kindness is well-known. It isn't hard for us to see Ann in years hence as a well-known designer, looking over decorating schemes that reflect her own exquisite taste and temperament.

SALLY BARBEE.

## JUNE CARTER

But we positively have to go to that dance tonight!" These words greeted me as I went to learn some of the odds and ends of the life of this frivolous minded lass.

I trailed her to her bedroom, with pencil in hand, hoping to get a few moments of her valuable time. The walls immediately drew my attention for they were covered with gorgeous girls—pinups. I suppose June noticed my surprise because she laughingly explained, "Oh, those; in case you are wondering, I like to draw, so I copy these in my spare time.

As I looked at some of her drawings I found that she was, in my opinion, very talented. She went on to tell me that to be a designer used to be her greatest dream, but that drawing is only a hobby and would never be more because she knew that in that field she wasn't good enough to be the best, so "I'd rather just leave it alone," she said.

With this she began going through her closet to find something to wear. I watched her frown on several dresses and at last choose one. "You know," she said, "sometimes I think my greatest ambition is to have all the clothes I want. They're my weakness."

She talked on as she busied herself with the details of becoming more beautiful, and I discovered that she adores deviled egg sandwiches for lunch and likes to read while she eats. As for reading matter she likes all types, from magazines to classics.

As I turned to leave, thinking that I'd already used more of her time than she was willing to part with, I noticed a plaque hanging on the wall. I investigated and found that it was for taking first place in the county recitation contest. Goodness, I thought, does the senior class "bird brain" have achievements? This I'd better look into.

"Don't get me started on that," she said, "I'll talk all night. I guess that was one of the biggest thrills of my life and definitely the high spot of my junior year."

I also learned that June had been gossip editor for the school paper during her sophomore and junior years, but is now, during her senior year, devoting all her time to the yearbook of which she is feature editor. This busy girl has also been a cheerleader for the past two years.

Good-bye June. We have called you "bird-brain" all the year, but never, never have we meant it to be anything but a term of affection. We have been proud of your talents and your accomplishments. May all your dearest dreams come true!

SUE YARBROUGH.



## SALLY BARBEE

Getting this interview was quite a job. It's rather hard to find Sally unless you find her asleep, and then it's just too hard to wake her up. In spite of all this I finally caught up with her one day in typing class, and sounding her out on a few important questions, I found that, just as I had suspected, sleeping was her favorite pastime.

As for her bad habits, I didn't have to ask about them because I knew for certain what her worst one is; making blind dates. Why, I remember the time when she had a blind date with a boy from Reynolds, and—well, anyway, let's get on with the interview. She has an odd ambition for such a happy-go-lucky person as she is—she wants to be a school teacher. I certainly envy the kids that get her. I know they'll be happy because her pet peeve is "ole naggin' teachers."

She says the only real regret she has in leaving could be wrong. She's accomplished many things from this that she doesn't do any work up here, but Old Town High is having to start to work. I gather without apparent effort—president of this, secretary of that, here one minute, there the next, and always on the honor roll. I guess it's all just part of her amazing personality.

When I asked her about food, she gave a rapturous sigh, as if to say here was something she really enjoyed talking about. "Fried chicken," she breathed, with a dreamy look. "If there's anything I like better than fried chicken, it's more fried chicken."

Sally collected her papers and prepared to rush off again, so I gathered that the interview was over. I caught her as she left and asked if she didn't have at least one *secret* ambition that I could print. "We-e-ll," she said, rather doubtfully, "I know Mrs. Newman wouldn't approve, or think it proper, but I want to elope when I get married and keep it a secret for a while."

After that contribution, she left me to ponder on what Old Town High would be like next year without Sally. I know she'll be missed, and I doubt if the place will ever be the same without her silly giggles, her crazy ways, her warm, sparkling personality, her versatility, and her ability to get things done in record time.

JUNE CARTER.

## TREASURE SHIP

The moon,  
A golden ship,  
A-sail on the milky way,  
Brings treasure untold of jeweled dreams  
To me.

NANCY HORNE.



#### YE HONOURABLE CELEBRITIES

We highly esteem the worthy group of dignitaries pictured above. On the balcony are our ever popular king, and queen, Bobby Swaim and Sally Barbee. Below them on the platform are Prince Dudley Spainhour and Princess Becky Hunter, who are sure to succeed in everything they do, and the talented performers, Johnny Shore and Nell Sigmon. The jesters, who have kept us laughing at their wit, are Ruth Cranfill and John Reece, and to the left Ann Ausband and John Reece try something new and





original! Handsome Gray Pfaff kneels before lovely Jean York; athletic Vernon Norman and Elizabeth McElrath play a game of cricket on the lawn, while gorgeously attired Duke and Duchess of Olde Towne, Donald Binkley and Barbara Keiger are approaching the foreground. The innkeeper and his wife are William Poindexter and Becky Hunter, who seem to take part in almost every activity; at the far right, Dudley Spainhour and Ann Ausband are busy with intellectual pursuits.

D A W N

Morning  
Stands on tiptoe  
To hear a thrush's song,  
And blushing pink, proclaims that day  
Is born

JUNE CARTER.

MY CANDLESTICK

How oft  
In days of old  
The candle that you held  
Has peopled some dark, ancient wall  
With ghosts.

SUE YARBROUGH.



***Ye***

***Juniors***

In Memoriam

Hubert Grady Myers, Jr.

Born October 4, 1930

Died September 2, 1948

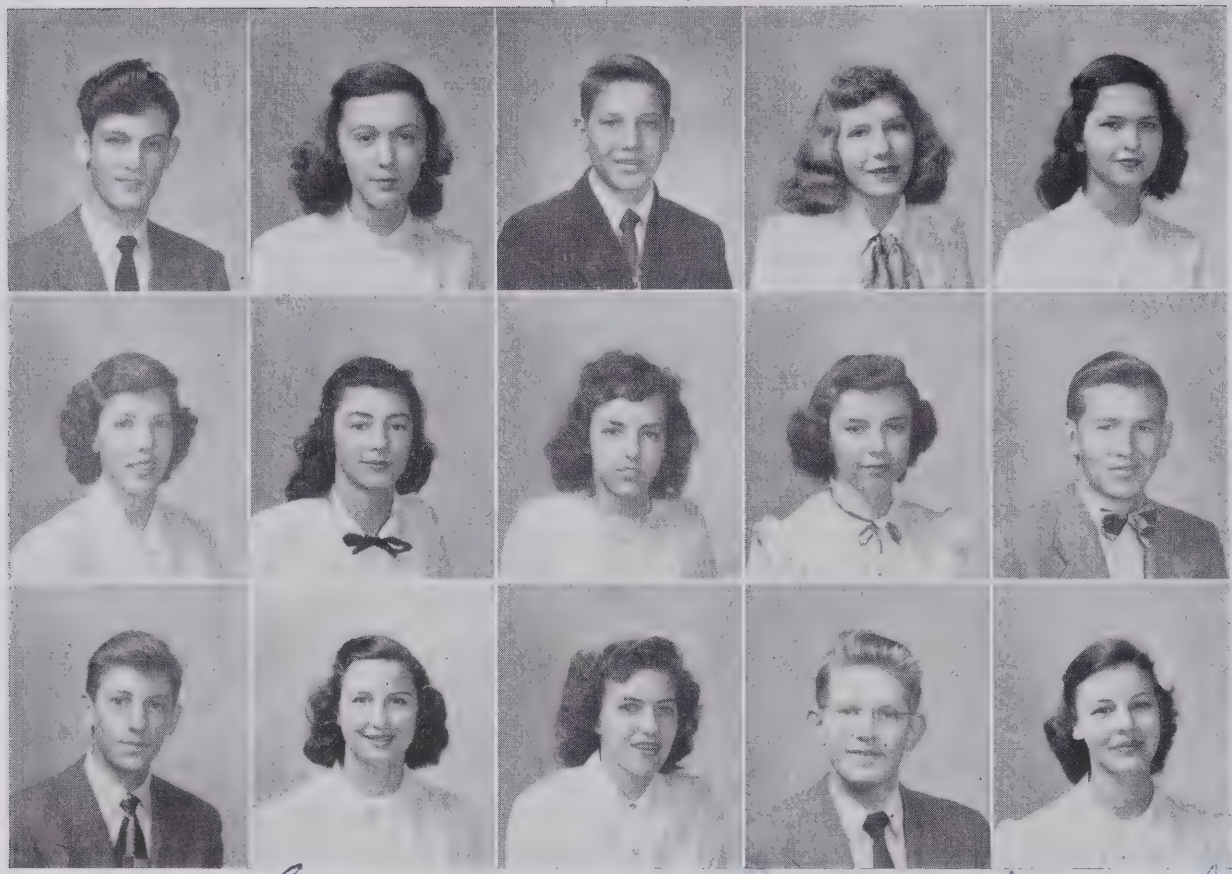




#### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Jean Belton, Secretary; Jane Fulk, Treasurer; Porter Allen, Vice-President; Peggy Conrad, President.

*Let's get  
to a well  
gal. BB.*



*Best wishes of  
lots of luck with  
your "Shakey"*

*Peggy  
Best of luck  
to a well  
package*

Porter Allen	Helen Atwood	Buddy Belton	Jean Belton	Betty Lou Cline
Peggy Conrad	Wilma Deal	Pat Dockery	Barbara Doub	Charles Fearington
Richard Fox	Jane Fulk	Constance Hancock	Richard Hauser	Mary Jane Hines

*I wish you a  
lot of happiness  
through all the  
years.  
Mary Dull*

*Here's hoping  
you luck with  
the boys.  
H. Shannett*



to Peggy  
a swell girl  
Be seeing you  
Best wishes  
Hunter

you look  
always  
Charley Hume

It has been  
fun knowing and  
being in study hall  
with you. Love  
Frances

"Luck to a"  
swell girl.  
C. T. Long

Anna Hudgins

Hunter James

Imogene Jennings

Thurmond Lakey

Betty Mae Lawson

A. G. Logan

C. T. Long

Bill McKinney

Dorothy Norman

India Penland

Nancy Petree

K. W. Pfaff

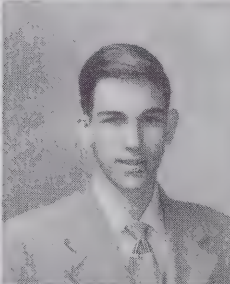
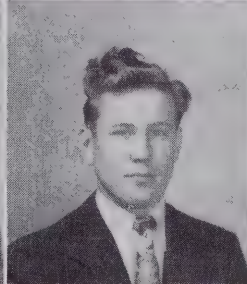
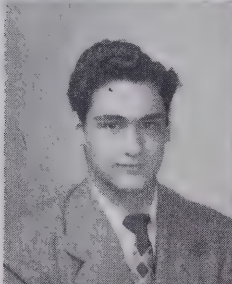
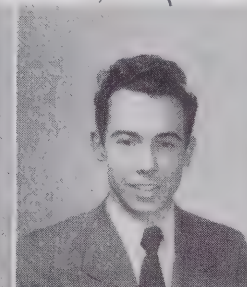
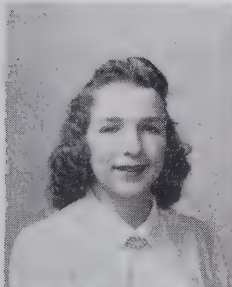
Herman Shamel

Frances Sharpe

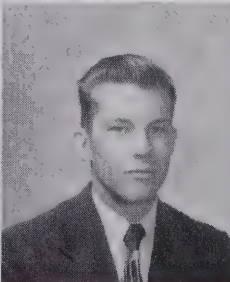
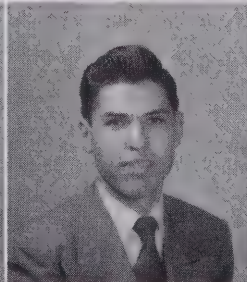
Ruby Jean Shore

Best wishes  
to a nice gal  
K. W. P.

Best of luck  
to a swell girl  
Thurmond Lakey



Best wishes  
to a very  
cute girl  
India



So many  
love you  
Ruby



Eugene Snyder, Georgie Swink, Bessie Jenkins Wagner, Joan Wood.

Absent from the pictures: Mary Lou Blevins, Alma Cameron, Mary Dull, William Edward Flynt, Nelson George, David Hauser, Jo Ann Long, Peggy Longbottom, Philip Sapp, Jean Seagraves, Roger Vogler, Ruth Yates.

Lots of luck  
and happiness  
to a swell girl.  
Peggy Longbottom

As you  
think her success  
here is coming in  
the future.

Lots of luck  
to a swell  
girl.  
Joan B.

Here wishing you  
the best of luck  
in your junior  
year.  
Joan Seagraves

Good luck  
to a swell  
girl  
Billy Flynt





#### MY GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

My garden at night's unearthly and strange  
When bathed in the moon's blue light,  
And mystery works a subtle change  
When day at last takes flight.  
Like fairies and elves, the whole night long,  
Deep, deep in purple shade,  
The fireflies dance to a witching song  
By minstrel crickets played.  
Beside the wall, a daffodil,  
Her golden cup lifts high,  
To teach the crystal drops that spill  
Like diamonds from the sky.  
The wind tells secrets to the grass  
That's pied by leaves and light,  
And the willow weeps that soon, alas,  
Must pass the moon-charmed night.

NANCY PETREE.

Peggy Sue,  
 I have had  
 a fine time here  
 and getting with you  
 in the last of it. Remember me to  
 your mother and all your family.  
 I hope you are well and  
 happy. I have not much to  
 write you now. I am going  
 to the city soon. I will  
 write you again. Love,  
 Mother.

# SPRING

The sun upon the blue lake shines,  
 The sandy shore is gold,  
 And in the trees all dressed in green,  
 Bird housewives chat and scold.  
 The tiny, tender blades of grass  
 Push forth their heads to see  
 The lovely golden daffodils  
 Flirt boldly with each bee.  
 How often do we stop to think  
 About these wondr'ous things  
 Which Mother Nature blessed us with  
 When she invented spring.

JEAN JENNINGS.

Peggy Sue,  
 Remember me to  
 your mother and all your family.  
 I hope you are well and  
 happy. I have not much to  
 write you now. I am going  
 to the city soon. I will  
 write you again. Love,  
 Mother.



Lots of luck and  
success to a cute  
and sweet girl  
Peggy

Here's wishing  
best wishes.  
Love,  
Libby Ann Marshall

Don't you're really  
swell. Don't ever for-  
get the Jr. Sr. and the  
Sanonians - Norman's  
real nice and you'd better  
keep him.  
Love ya,  
Mitzi

Ye

Sophomores

Good luck  
and best  
wishes.  
Bill McDaniel

Dear Peggy Sue.  
I have enjoyed  
being with you in Bible  
class and in the club.  
You are a swell girl  
and here's wishing  
you the best in  
everything. Let's  
try to have a better  
time in club next year  
Just,  
Snob Cotton

Best wishes to  
a cutie pie.  
Nell Blakeley

Good luck and  
success in the future  
John

Good luck and  
success in the future  
John

Best of luck  
to a swell girl

Gilbert Conrad

# SOPHOMORES

10 P—Mrs. Pratt

Left to right: 1st row—Mrs. Pratt, Nell Blakeley, Gladys Michael, Mary Ausband, Jean Jefferson, Dorothy Fearrington, Mitzi Loflin.

2nd row—Phyllis Hemrick, Peggy Carpenter, Joan Beroth, Rex Cline, Hubert Cartner, Sara Coltrane, Roy Jones, Colleen Fulk.

3rd row—Carl Dickerson, Bill Barton, Hugh Coltrane, Max Butner, Smith Beroth, A. W. Beroth, Vernice Beroth, Calvin Doub, Bryan Hill, Allen Houck.

Absent from the picture—Ned Conrad, Douglas Crater, John Hunter, Gilbert Conrad.

Best wishes to  
grad to a  
swell girl. That  
was N. Conrad

Best wishes  
for ever and ever  
to old Doug Crater

10 W—Mr. Williams

Left to right: 1st row—Mr. Williams, Jimmy Pennix, Billie Russell, Ray Church.

2nd row—Maxine Wishon, Peggy Spainhour, Betty Thomas, Evelyn Shamel, Patsy Roebuck, Betty Lou Sapp, Betty Winfrey.

3rd row—Bill McDaniel, Seldon Phillips, Ryland Vaughn, Jim Thacker, Bobby Young, Jerry Livengood, Hubert Sharp, Peggy Riddle, Delores Longbottom.

Best wishes and  
good luck to you  
and Norman.  
Keep Plugging!!!  
Billie

Best of Luck  
Billy & W. Brough

Best of luck to  
a swell girl.  
Bryan Hill

Best of luck to  
a swell girl.  
Bryan Hill

Best of luck  
to a swell girl.  
Bryan Hill

Best of luck  
to a swell girl.  
Bryan Hill



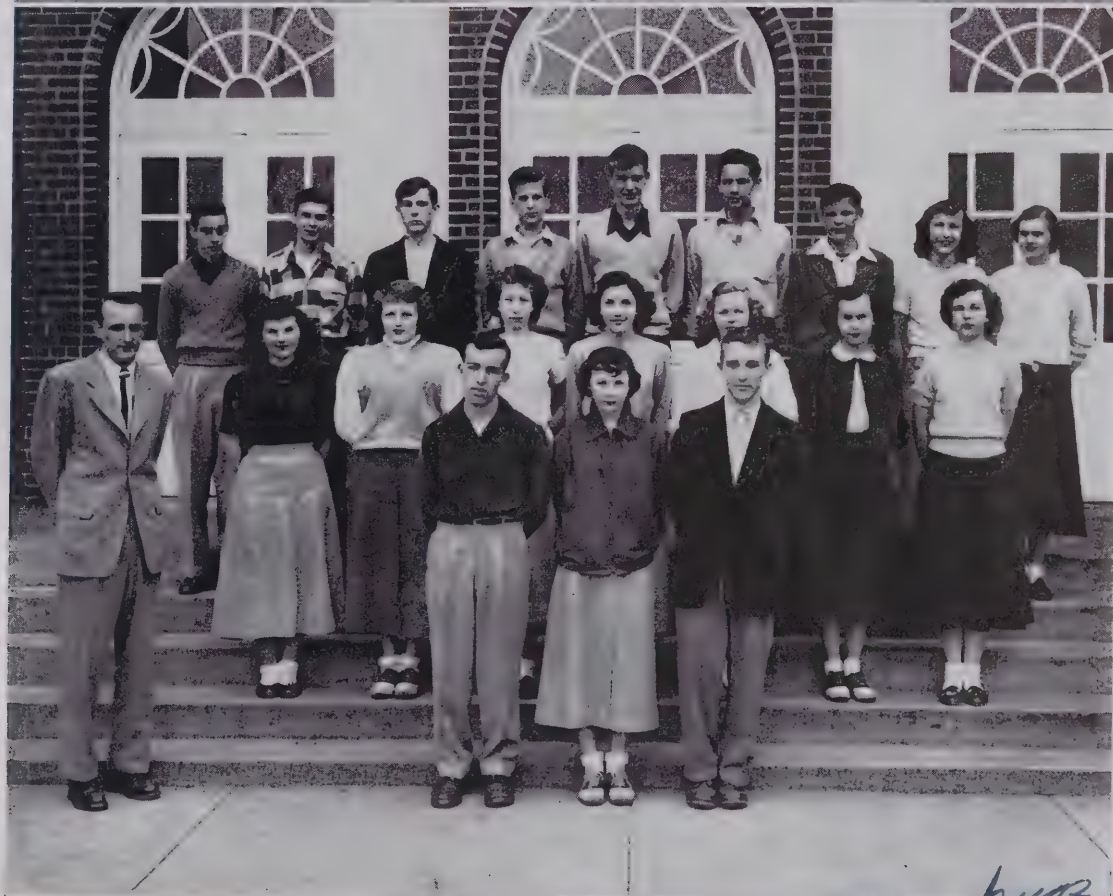
Much luck  
in the future.  
Hugh Coltrane

Loads of Luck to a swell girl, Yvonne Jefferson  
Luck and happiness  
Calvin Danks

Loads of Luck  
and happiness  
Max Batten

Good Luck to you  
through the coming  
years. Grace

Loads of  
luck always  
Allen  
Hough



Best of  
Luck to a  
swell girl  
Bobby  
Young

Have enjoyed being in school  
with you this year. I wish you  
lots of luck and happiness  
Smith Buech

Peggy will keep that  
studio air always  
and don't let anybody talk  
you into any bad dates.  
Jerry



I hope you  
 & love you  
 "I hope you  
 love you"

This is supposed  
 to be something  
 I hope you  
 love you



Best Wishes and good  
 luck to a swell girl to  
 go with. I will not  
 never forget the good time  
 we had together. Don't  
 forget the great time on  
 Saturday night in our real  
 convertible. It doesn't look so  
 hot, but we get there in  
 it. I love you so  
 much I want your neck  
 into pieces. I hope  
 you keep smiling  
 but don't cut it  
 off please

D.S.

Next page



Don't ever  
forget the picnic  
to Hanging rock or  
on the way make we have  
been together. I hope next time  
we go to Camp Hance we don't  
have had luck like losing a ring or  
something. I hope we never forget  
each other for the next 100 years.

|| LOVE ||  
NORMAN  
"Doc"



**Ye**

**Freshmen**

Best wishes  
and lots of luck  
Carolyn (you)

Best wishes  
and lots of luck  
Carolyn (you)

Lots of luck.  
and best wishes  
Dinner

Lots of luck  
Always.  
Everlyn y.

Best of luck  
Bill

Best wishes  
and lots of luck  
Carolyn (you)

## FRESHMEN

### 9 B—Mr. Brown

Left to right: 1st row—Mr. Brown, Buddy Conrad, Annette Barber, Bobby Brewer.  
2nd row—Ellen Nixon, Inez Dull, Peggy Doub, Eugene Doub, Mickey Adams, Joann Fox, Peggy Bain.  
3rd row—Lorena Needham, Joanne Dull, Kyle Fulk, Earl Kiger, Grady Clifton, Jackie Graham, Ann Nicholson, Barbara Blakeley, Jane Norman.  
Absent from the picture—Willie Dull.

Best wishes and  
lots of luck always.  
Don't see him again.  
But say hi for me.  
Fight for freedom.  
Good luck.

Lots of luck  
Always  
Ellen Nixon

### 9 S—Miss Stovall

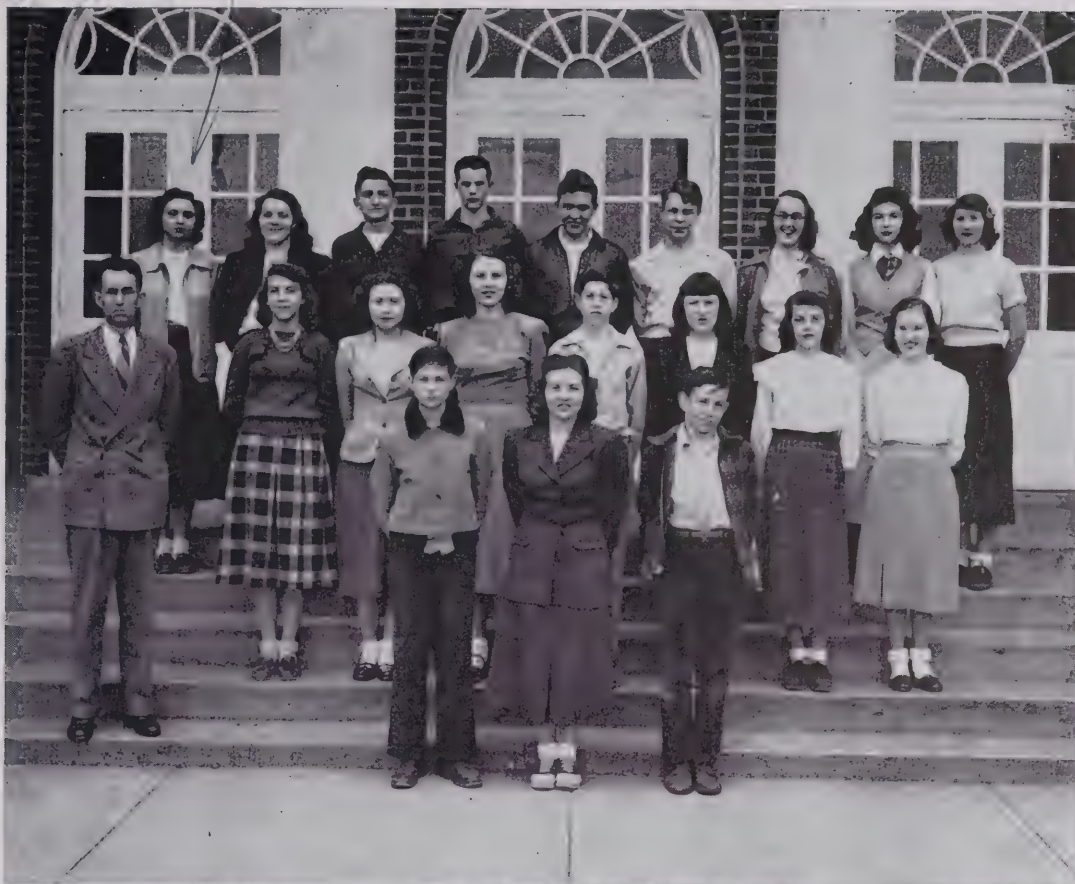
Left to right: 1st row—Miss Stovall, Pat Shermer, Anne Wooters, Virginia Ritchie, Faye Wolff.  
2nd row—Larry Sharp, Charles Nicholson, Eleanor Sigmon, Dotty Phillips, Carolyn Yow, Billy Tesh, Earle Moore, Jack Medlin.  
3rd row—Elizabeth Qualls, Vallie Shore, K. W. Long, Oliver Sapp, Billy Joe Lawson, Charlie Sapp, Donald Whelan, Julia Norman, Juanita Beroth. Absent from the picture—Betty Pfaff.

Best wishes  
and lots of luck  
Carolyn (you)

Best of luck to  
a wonderful girl  
Gugy & Dub

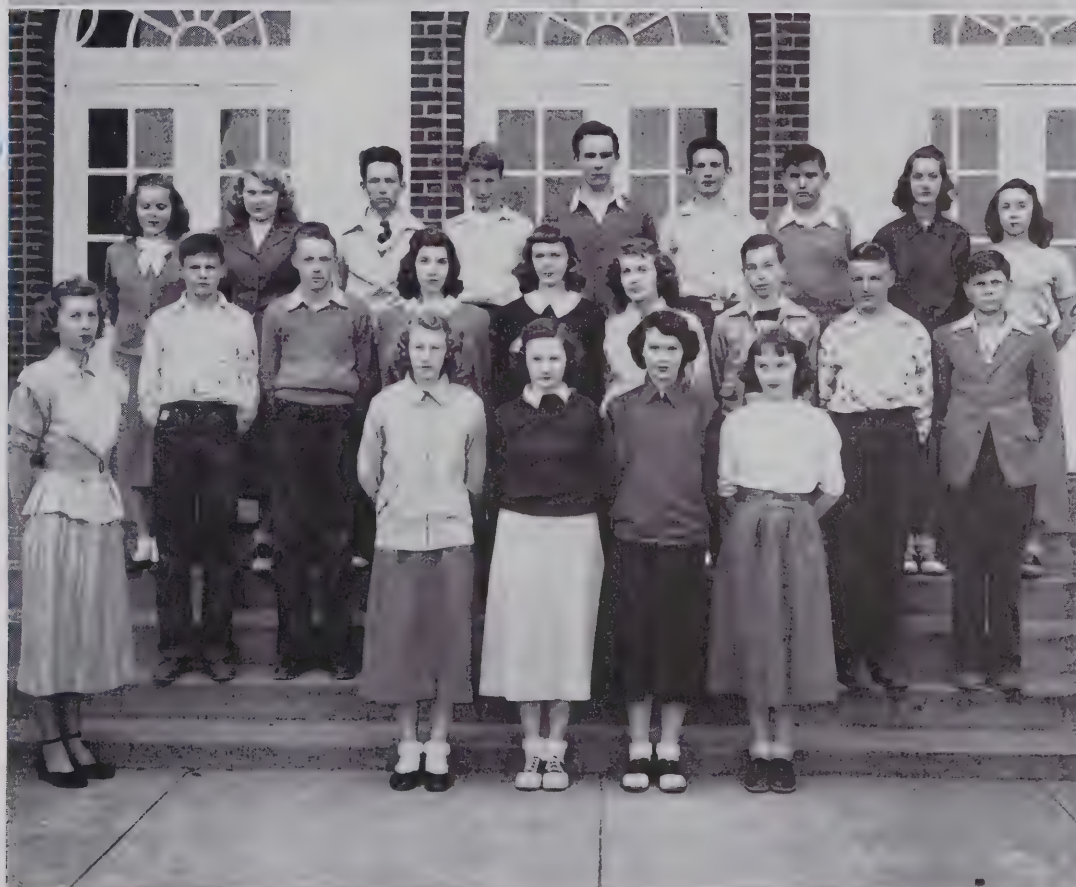


Peggy Sue  
 says we are  
 sweetest and  
 cute as  
 very cute.  
 of Duck.  
 I love you  
 much.  
 Lorena



Good Luck  
 always  
 Earl  
 on 10/11

The Best  
 of luck to you.  
 K.W. Long



Good luck to  
 a sweet  
 girl.  
 Guantua





Peggy Ann,

I wouldn't say in  
words that which I  
mean to hear together.  
I mean we shall go  
on this in God's name.  
Peggy is there under the  
brightest spot in your  
house. Just as I have  
seen, that's why the only  
reason for a child's growth  
is that it is the only  
child in the world.

# Ye

## Eighth

## Grade

# EIGHTH GRADE

8 B—Mrs. Badgett

Left to right: 1st row—Mrs. Badgett, Clyde Fine, Sue Shermer, Barbara Yates, Flora Swink, Jimmy Logan.

2nd row—David Jenkins, R. F. Shouse, Shirley Fulk, Frances Ronk, Ralph Quick, Melvin Walker, Billy Snell, Bobby Ragsdale, Harry Lineback.

3rd row—Billy Kurdian, Isaac Gordon, Donald Redding, Vernon Hunter, Basil Long, Margaret Vaughn, Iris Shore, Peggy Ritchie, Bettie Whicker, Virginia Haigwood.

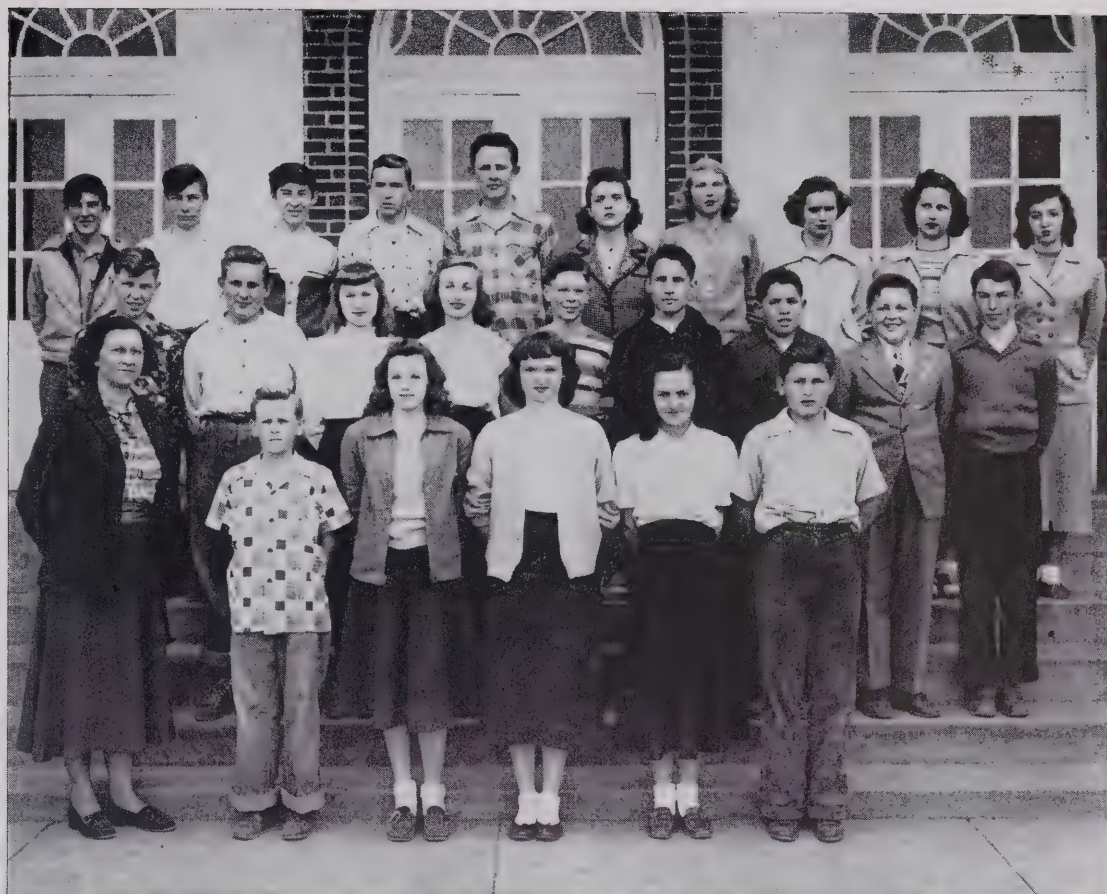
8 S—Miss Scott

Left to right: 1st row—Miss Scott, Donald Baucom, Gwin Conrad, Hazel Doub, Betty Davis, Dan Golden.

2nd row—Max Briggs, Peggy Dymott, Jo Ann Fowler, Wade Bumgardner, Robert Boerner, Jane Chadwick, Betty Ann Flynt, Eleanor Butner, Kenneth Blakeley, Otis Conrad, Shirley Comer, Peggy Bovender, William Coltrane, Garland Cartner.

Best of luck and  
wishes to a very  
sweet girl!!  
Barbara  
Yates









# ***Ye Activities***

It's  
Boyle-Boyle  
give had fun  
haven't me? Be  
good + let's struggle  
this high school together  
Stuff.  
Phyllis



#### STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

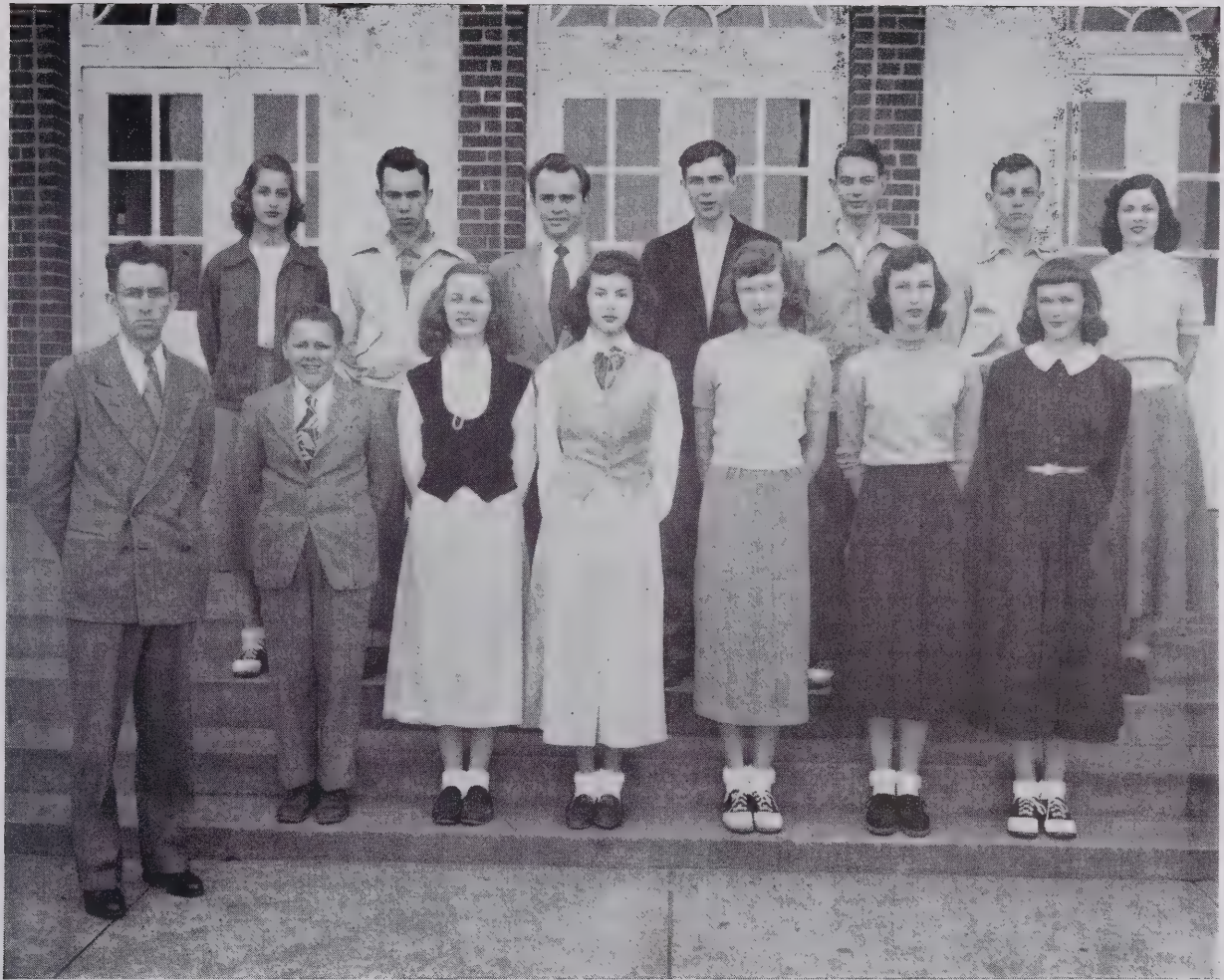
Seated left to right: Thurmond Lakey, Vice-President; Phyllis Hemrick, Secretary; Bobby Swaim, President; Julia Norman, Treasurer.

#### STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The Student Council started the year with high aims. Bob Swaim was elected president after several days of intensive campaigning. Thurmond Lakey followed as vice-president, Phyllis Hemrick as secretary, and Julia Norman as treasurer. These officers and the class representatives with Mr. Brown as faculty adviser revised the constitution to meet the changing needs of the school.

Various projects have been successfully undertaken during the year. Student government is no doubt a permanent fixture at Old Town, and from it mutual benefits should accrue to both the school and student body.





#### STUDENT COUNCIL

Left to right: 1st row—Mr. Brown, Bobby Ragsdale, Phyllis Hemrick, Barbara Blakeley, Shirley Comer, Ann Ausband, Dotty Philips.

2nd row—Julia Norman, Thurmond Lakey, Bob Swaim, Ryland Vaughn, Hugh Coltrane, Eugene Snyder, Imogene Jennings.

Absent from the picture—Sally Barbee.

*Oggy Hoping  
 Here's  
 see even  
 more of you in  
 the future than in  
 the past. Love ya loads,  
 Dicie*



#### GLEE CLUB

Left to right: 1st row—Anna Hudgins, Virginia Ritchie, Phyllis Hemrick, Peggy Riddle, Jean Jennings, Mary Jane Hines, Nancy Petree, Jane Fulk, Betty Snyder, Nancy Horne, Jane Chadwick, Miss Thelma Hales.

2nd row—Jo Fowler, Joan Wood, Billie Russell, Eleanor Sigmon, Ann Ausband, Dicie Jones, Peggy Dymott, Peggy Bovender, Carolyn Young, Betty Lou Cline, Georgie Swink, Patricia Dockery.

3rd row—Jean Jefferson, Patsy Roebuck, Lorena Needham, Ann Nicholson, Eleanor Butner.

This year's Glee Club has worked enthusiastically for chapel programs for elementary and high school and other occasions. In the district contest, Old Town's girls were very proud of the high rating the solos, trio, and chorus received. Participation in the operetta, graduation exercises, and vesper service plays a large part in the activities of the Glee Club.



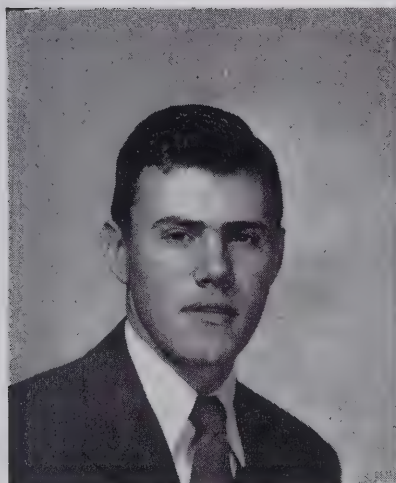
THANK YOU—



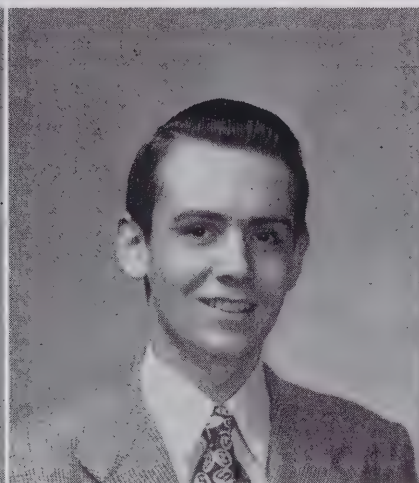
Eula, for editing our voluminous  
Literary contributions.



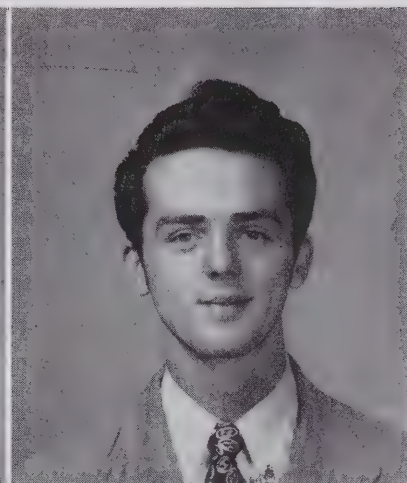
June, you've done a grand job on  
the snapshots and other fea-  
tures.



Johnny, for the efforts you've ex-  
erted on our athletic section.



Jay, you've really taken care of all  
the mathematical "angles" and  
brought our book through with  
flying colors.



Al, your extensive work (?) in your  
capacity as Art Editor is appre-  
ciated.



Mary Alice Taylor, Ann Ausband,  
Editors-in-chief.

*Handwritten note:*  
We are  
much indebted  
to you for  
your work  
and hope  
you will  
continue  
to help  
us in the  
future.



#### NEWSPAPER STAFF

Standing left to right: Eugene Snyder, Asst. Business Manager; Jim Pennix, Porter Allen, Sports Editors.

Seated left to right: Joan Wood, Managing Editor; Nancy Petree, Make-up Editor; Peggy Conrad, Editor-in-chief; Mary Jane Hines, Circulation Manager; Mrs. Mickey, Faculty Adviser; Jean Jennings, Exchange Editor; Jay Giles, Staff Photographer.

Absent from the picture: Buddy Belton, Business Manager.

#### THE JOURNALISM CLUB

The Journalism Club has had a full membership during the school-year of 1948-49, with thirty students holding active membership in the club. To keep this membership active, it was necessary for the member to submit at least one acceptable article every three months.

Peggy Conrad, a junior, was elected editor-in-chief of THE OLD TOWN TATTLER, the newspaper which the Journalism Club published once each month. Joan Wood, was managing editor. Other staff members were: Business Manager, Buddy Belton, Assistant, Eugene Snyder; Circulation Manager, Mary Jane Hines; Sports Editors, Jimmy Pinnix, Porter Allen; Make-up Editor, Nancy Petree; Exchange Editor, Jean Jennings; Typists, Joan Beroth, Anna Hudgins.

The TATTLER boasted a new face this year. It was printed on a better grade of slick paper rather than the newsprint of old. Pictures galore have been added. The news has been "modernized" since it has been possible to cut down production time so that news stories are still current when the paper "hits the streets."

The senior officers all resigned in the fall and allowed the junior officers to take over all responsibility of publishing the paper.

The high-light of the year was the field trip the entire club membership took in the fall. We visited the JOURNAL-SENTINEL offices, having a guided tour of the editorial, printing, and shipping departments of the paper.





### JOURNALISM CLUB

Left to right: 1st row—Shorty Fulp, Joan Wood, Cricket McElrath, Friz Lawson, Billie Russell, Anna Hudgins, Helen Atwood, Mary Jane Hines, Mary Lou Blevins, Jimmy Pennix.

2nd row—Nancy Petree, Ann Nicholson, Peggy Bovender, Jean Jennings, Ann Ausband, Tootie Taylor, June Carter, Peggy Conrad, Joan Beroth, Delores Longbottom, Phyllis Hemrick.

3rd row—Ralph Quick, Bill McDaniel, Thurmond Lakey, Hunter James, Porter Allen, Al Ross, Bobby Young, Jerry Livengood, Richard Fox, Eugene Snyder, C. T. Long, Jay Giles, Doug Shropshire, Ray Church.

*Peggy Sue -  
stone-child we've  
been a long way and  
it looks like we have  
two more years hard let  
show all the next cut  
forget - Love you like  
always  
in mine*



Best wishes  
Peggy Sue,  
Gilbert  
Allen  
Conrad

## BAND

Band Leader—Mr. West

Cornets—David Jenkins, Charles Miller, Harry Lineback, Jimmy Norman, Lewis Wallace, Roger Scott, Jimmy Logan, Bobby Ragsdale, Ted Foster, Gilbert Conrad, Melvin Hunter.

Alto Horns—William Lackey, John Alex Sprinkle.

Trombones—John Hunter, Bill McKinney, Otis Conrad, Betty Dunnivant.

Clarinet—Bill Foster, Max Briggs, Phil Keaton, Billy Jenkins, Barbara Boerner.

Flute—Faye Dickerson.

Drums—Rupert Bowen, Donald Baucom.

Bass—Wade Bumgardner.



Load of Luck  
 Always to my dear  
 friend. Here's hoping  
 I'll see you next year & this  
 summer. I shall miss you.  
 Love Always,  
 Patsy Roebuck.



#### LIBRARY STAFF

Left to right: Seated—Betty Snyder, Ann Ausband, Dicie Jones, Mary Jane Hines.  
 Standing—Nancy Petree, Imogene Jennings, Patsy Roebuck, Mary Ausband, Jean York.  
 Absent from the picture—Helen Coltrane, Sally Barbee.



## SENIOR PLAY

### "STRANGE BOARDERS"

By George Batson & Jack Kirkland

CAST: Candy Fenway - Jean York; Professor Harriman - Jay Giles; Glory Fenway - Betty Lou Fulp; Smiley - Bobby Swaim; Joey - Melbourne Doub; Captain Winkle - William Poindexter; Cordelia Tuttle - Sue Yarbrough; John Todd - Johnny Shore; Amity Haines - June Carter; Priscilla Haines - Betty Jean Cartwright; Myrtle Hodge - Ann Ausband; Suzie - Katherine Shouse; Boston Benny - Gray Pfaff; The Deacon - John Reece; Director - Louise W. Newman; Asst. Director - Eula Shore.



Lots of luck  
 to nice girls  
 Roy and  
 Janie



# CHEERLEADERS

Left to right: Edith Houck, mascot; Jane Fulk; "Friz" Lawson, Al Ross, chief; Helen Atwood; Juanita Beroth, Faye Wolff. Absent from the picture: June Carter.

These girls  
 are the best  
 and most  
 beautiful  
 cheerleaders  
 I ever saw  
 Love  
 Roy

Good,  
 you're a  
 sweet little  
 girl. Always  
 stay that way.  
 Love,  
 Helen







***Ye***

***Honours***

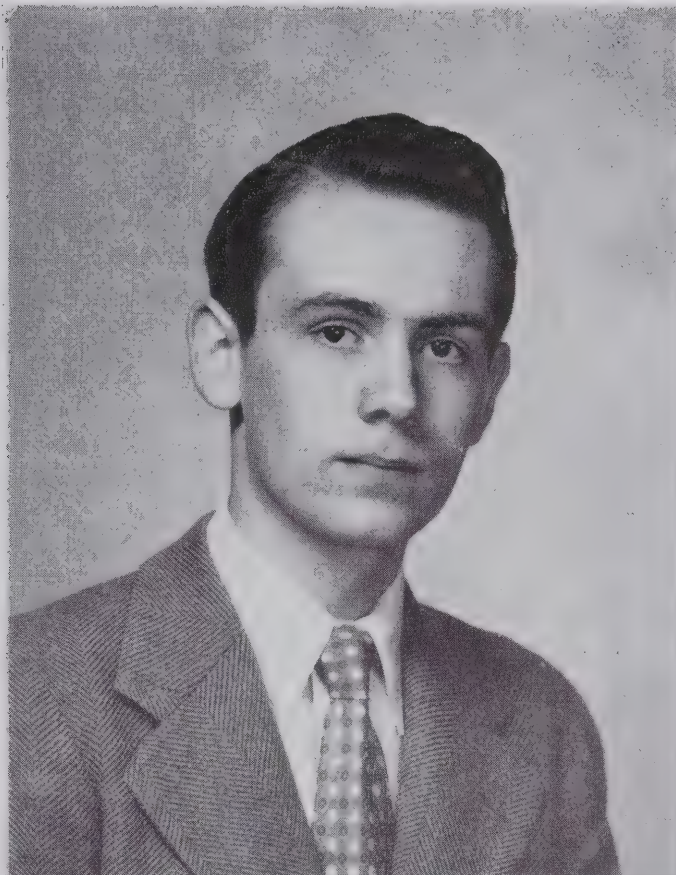


CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Left to right: Sally Barbee, testator; William Poindexter, historian; June Carter, prophet.



VALEDICTORIAN  
Jay Giles



SALUTATORIAN  
Sally Barbee



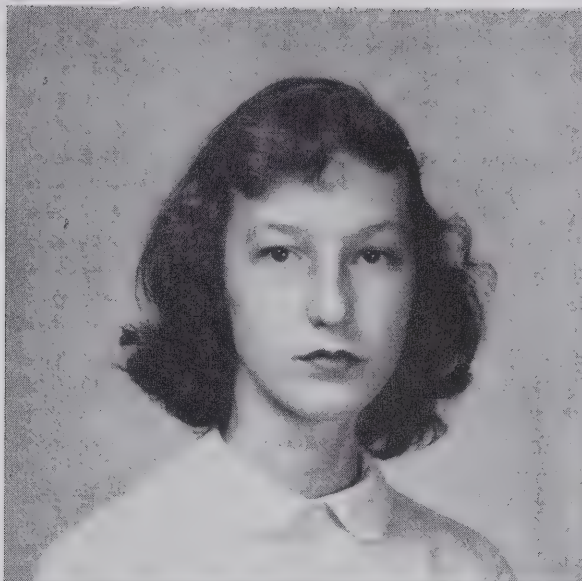


#### MARSHALS

Left to right: Mary Jane Hines, Anna Hudgins, Pat Dockery, Jean Jennings, Nancy Petree—Chief, Jane Fulk.



CIVITAN AWARD  
Ann Ausband



COMMERCIAL MEDAL  
Priscilla Kurdian



WINNER OF COUNTY RECITA-  
TION CONTEST — 1948  
June Carter





#### VESPER SPEAKERS

Standing—Gray Pfaff; seated—Ann Ausband, William Poindexter, Nancy Horne, Bobby Swaim.



***Ye***

***Athletics***

## SPORTS REVIEW

As the curtain was drawn to open up the new 1948-49 sports season, many sighs were cast by the senior ball-players, for they knew this was their last year to play with the Panthers and Pantherettes. The Blue and White was the flag of honor that these boys and girls, underclassmen, seniors, and others gone with the years, had played under. These are the colors that are known to stand for good clean sportsmanship.

For the boys, football was first on the agenda. Under the coaching of Mr. Reid Williams, the boys finished with a fair season.

Next, and probably the most highly cherished sport, came basketball. The boys with only a few losses from the preceding year started with a powerful team. Winning a great majority of their games, they were well on their way to championship honors when an unforeseen disaster disqualified them.

The girls, feeling the loss of two key players of the preceding year, came through with a fair season under the leadership of Miss Edith Stovall. The Pantherettes, although handicapped, played well and were always a threat to other powerful cagers.

Springtime came around and it was time to don baseball attire and join in—and many did this year. As I write, we are looking forward to a successful season since we have lost few players.

With the close of baseball season, it will be time to pack up the equipment until next year. For many, there will be no next year in high school sports. For others, it will be the beginning of their high school career. Let's hope that those who take the places of the ones who leave will keep up the high standards of sportsmanship that Old Town is noted for.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

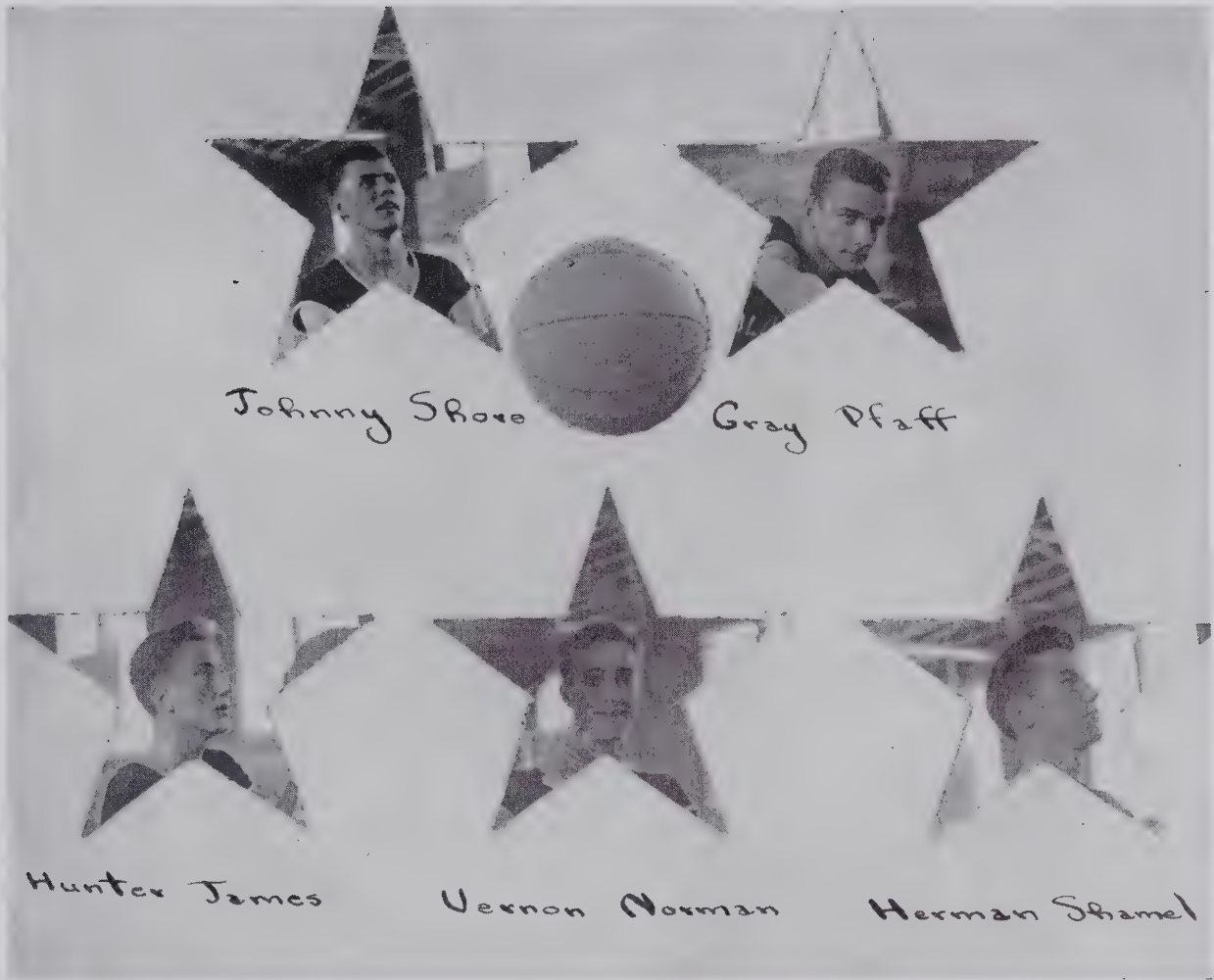
Left to right: 1st row—Coach Reid Williams, Charlie Sapp, Richard Fox, Gray Pfaff, Manager John Reece.

2nd row—William Poindexter, Billy Joe Lawson, Smith Beroth, Hunter James.

3rd row—Johnny Shore, A. W. Beroth, Herman Shamel, Vernon Norman, Bobby Young.



# BOYS' BASKETBALL





*Lots of  
Luck, Happiness  
and Success.  
Wilma*



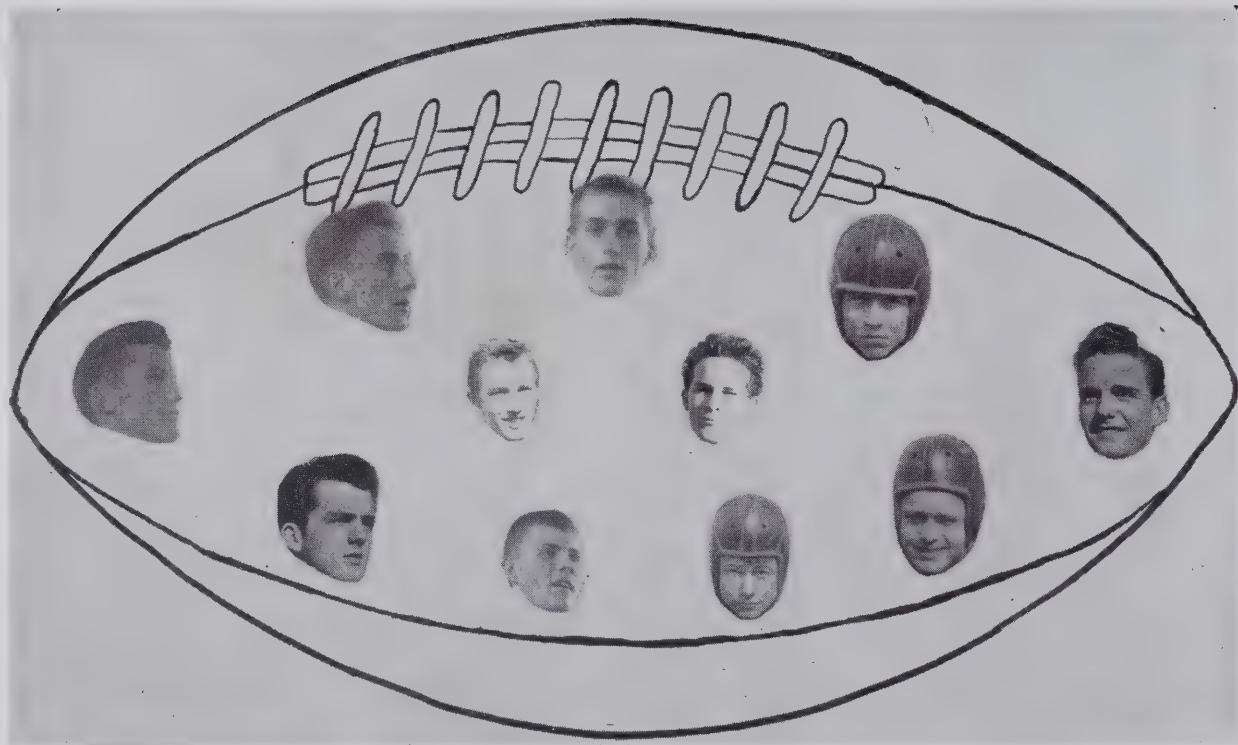
#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right: 1st row—Connie Hancock, Shorty Fulp, Jo Ann Long.  
2nd row—Cricket McElrath, Betty Jean Cartwright, Becky Hunter, Jean Oehman.  
3rd row—Ruth Cranfill, Wilma Deal, Margaret Shields, Ann Ausband, Shirley Yarbrough.









#### FOOTBALL TEAM

Vernon Norman, End; Herman Shamel, End; Johnny Shore, End; Bob Swaim, Center; William Poindexter, Center; Gray Pfaff, Quarterback; Ray Church, Quarterback; Al Ross, Quarterback; Hunter James, Halfback; Donald Binkley, Halfback; Billy Joe Lawson, Fullback.

Absent from the picture: Charles Ferrington, End.



Ye

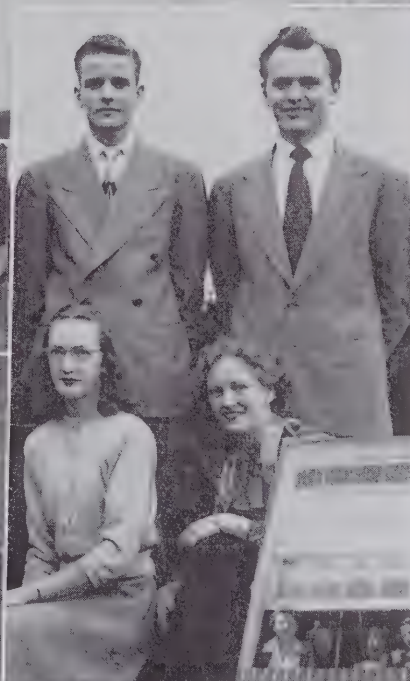
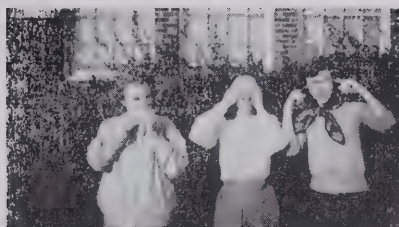
Reserved for  
Jean

## Miscellaneous





SOMETHING FOR  
THE BOYS



SHOULD AULD  
ACQUAINTANCE  
BE FORGOT





Peggy Sue,  
 we've had some  
 swell times together  
 Be good. See ya at the  
 home



Peggy's  
 stay as sweet as you are  
 now forever, and you'll also  
 make it swell in life.

Best of  
 luck to  
 a swell  
 Bobby  
 Young



ALL THE WORLD  
LOVES A LOVER



Peggy—  
it has been  
fun. Keep away from  
Tommy or else!!  
Remember me this  
summer.  
OUR HEARTS WERE  
YOUNG AND GAY  
love  
Deores





Our janitor, John Spann, has, indeed, been faithful in the performance of his duties. When the new Old Town School opened its doors for the first time in 1924, John was standing by, ready to keep the new building clean and warm. During the twenty-five years which have followed, students at Old Town have graduated, married, and in their turn sent sons and daughters to school; teachers have come and gone, but John's service has been continuous and loyal. Thank you, John, for your devotion, and for your example of fidelity and efficiency, which we might do well to imitate.



### YE OLDE TOWNE GOSSIP

On his nightly journey through the city streets, Ye Olde Towne Crier sees many things and wonders at their strangeness. For instance, why didn't Pat Dockery wear her shoes for the marshal picture, and why was Sally always absent on the days we made pictures? He noticed that Vernon usually came to annual staff meetings although he (Vernon) was not a member. He never could understand how one human being could be as rattle-brained as June; it was a miracle that the yearbook ever survived with her working on it. Why, she practically ruined the superlative page, smearing it with India Ink. All over Old Town, people took snapshots, but when it came time to make up the snapshot page, not one could be found. Tootie's old blue Buick made the rounds to annual staff meetings so many times that it had to take a vacation to Florida for a complete rest. The CRIER knows there's never been a kinder soul than Mr. Talton. The poor man contributed his coat, his tie, *and* his shirt to Al and Jay to wear for their pictures. Then, of course, the way Mrs. Newman and Jay argued! It was never really clear who won, but, strangely enough, they're still friends. The CRIER saw Nell doing a very competent job of the art work, even though Al was the art editor. Poor little Ann got her first taste of typing and of staying up 'till the wee small hours of the night.

There were so many other things he saw that the poor chap was quite bewildered, and shaking his head sadly over the vagaries of human creatures, he blew out his lantern in the grey dawn and muttered aloud, "Ye olde ende at last, thank goodness!"

Our janitor, John Spann, has, indeed, been faithful in the performance of his duties. When the new Old Town School opened its doors for the first time in 1924, John was standing by, ready to keep the new building clean and warm. During the twenty-five years which have followed, students at Old Town have graduated, married, and in their turn sent sons and daughters here to school; teachers have come and gone, but John's service has been continuous and loyal. Thank you, John, for your devotion, and for your example of fidelity and efficiency, which we might all do well to imitate.







But of worship  
to a good girl  
P. W. Brewster





#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In behalf of the Senior Class, the staff of the "CRIER" wishes to acknowledge sincerely and gratefully the support given us by the following, to whom we realize our deep indebtedness:

Mrs. Newman, whose proficient aid and expert council we cannot begin to describe or deserve.

Underclassmen, for the numerous written and verbal contributions you have offered.

Faculty, in whom we have found untold understanding and co-operation.

Mr. Talton, for long hours devoted to our cause. He made our pictures without despair at our excessive thoughtlessness in regard to his time and energies.

Mr. and Mrs. Keiger, who gave most generously of their time and materials that we might present this yearbook to you.

### DAD GOES FISHING

When fishing rash is spreading about,  
My daddy hunts his old clothes out;  
He digs his bait and gets his pole,  
And off he goes to the fishing hole.  
He seeks some place to sit and rest,  
A place he hopes where fish bite best;  
And from his pocket proudly brings  
A hook, a cork, and many strings.  
He ties them together and puts on the bait,  
Then lights his pipe and prepares to wait;  
He'll catch a minnow without any doubt,  
But he sits and dreams of the biggest trout.

MARY JANE HINES



**Ye**

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luck sweet girl  
Pachoda*

*Somebody got  
my place*

*Look on  
my picture*



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Remember  
the good old  
days! Best of love  
to you Love  
Sally H. Hoff





Hiya Piggie Sue.

We sure have been fortunate  
in knowing each other (no concert  
in my family). Really it's been  
a lot of fun knowing you and  
being in Bill's class with  
you. Be Good!!

I love you,  
Piggie Sue.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL











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